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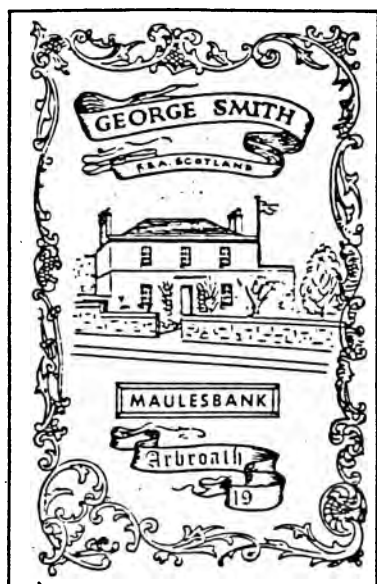
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HAME
OWER
LILTS

BY

DAVID TASKER





1.



Yours truly
David Lasker

Home Over Lilts,

DAVID TASKER.

“Musings of Leisure hours.”

NEW YORK:
J. M. LOWN, 114 N. 3RD ST.
1892.



Home Ower Silts,

BY

DAVID TASKER.

AUTHOR OF

"Musings of Leisure Hours."

DUNDEE:

PRINTED BY JOHN FELLOW, 114 MURRAYGATE.
1900.



Biographical Introduction.

IT cannot be denied that, in this matter-of-fact age, poetry is a drug in the market. If the disinclination to read poetical literature arose from a higher culture and a more refined taste ; if it betokened an aversion to low class ideas, and a determination to stamp out demoralising and debasing trash, there would be good ground for satisfaction at the intellectual advance. But, unfortunately, much that is nonsensical, devoid of humour and unpoetical, is enjoyed by the multitude, while the genuine article is tabooed. Though in a minority, there are yet many minds capable of appreciating chaste thought expressed in chaste language ; and we would put in a plea for an increase in the number of those who look at nature with the eye of the naturalist, the artist and the poet. We do not wish to decry the scientist and the naturalist ; these have added to the happiness of the race by their single-minded devotion to duty, and they are worthy of honour for the good they have done ; but there is an undefinable something everywhere around us, an environment that the man of the world fails to perceive, apparently because he lacks the faculty. The beauty of earth, sea, and sky comes but dimly

within his vision. Other minds, differently constituted, see the wonderful glory and are charmed and enraptured at the sight.

When a man discovers a treasure he shows his nobility of character by sharing it with his neighbours, and when a reflecting mind finds pleasure in the everyday sights and sounds, and tells of his new-found joy in measured numbers to his workmates he is generously giving from his own store of happiness to enrich the common stock. In this go-ahead age, with its incessant grinding and grasping after material greatness, we need in our leisure hours a wholesome counteractive. To retire from the real and enter the ideal—the spirit world with all its soothing sweetness and restful recuperation is a necessity we do well to emphasise. The soul as well as the body demands our care. Immediately we close the door on the rumble of everyday life we can enter the realm of poetry and romance, and the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, is refreshed by the change. The benumbing effects of a monotonous life is well illustrated by the condition of the heroic garrison in Ladysmith at its relief. Dr Frederick Treves, who was among the first to enter the town, thus describes the camp of the King's Royal Rifles:—"Among the huts and burrows were many paths worn smooth by the restless tread of weary feet. The path most worn of all was that which led to the water tanks. The men themselves were piteous to see. They were thin and hollow-eyed, and had about them an air of utter lassitude and weariness. Some were greatly emaciated, nearly all were pale, nearly all were

silent. They had exhausted every topic of conversation, it would seem, and were too feeble to discuss even their relief. . . . All were silent, listless, and depressed. There were no evidences of rejoicing, no signs of interest or animation, and indeed, as I have just said, Ladysmith was unrelieved."

This, of course, is an extreme case of the creeping paralysis of monotony accentuated by hunger, but it indicates very forcibly the depressing effects of a dull routine and the need there is for cultivating every avenue that leads to the capital of man's soul. Art, poetry, and music are three such avenues, and those who would obtain the highest good in life cannot afford to despise the tranquilising influences of such God-given pleasures.

As a master in the art of poetical composition Mr DAVID TASKER occupies a prominent place, and it was with much satisfaction we learned that he had resolved to publish a selection of his poems, old and new. From his boyhood he has been known as a versifier, and the publication of his first volume, "Musings of Leisure Hours," in 1865, stamped him as a poet of considerable ability. The edition consisted of 2000 copies, and so popular was the author in Dundee at that time that the book was out of print in a few weeks. The Rev. George Gilfillan, "Critic, Poet, and Divine," prefaced the volume with an appreciative note, from which we cull the following passage:—"Were I asked to name their principal

characteristic I should say it was a certain *sweet sincerity* reminding you of the artless note of a bird which sings not to gain applause so much as to relieve her little heart, and sings so well because she cannot help it." Open-minded readers of Mr Tasker's later and more matured poems will recognise the spontaneity and bird-like warble which arrested the attention of this gifted critic.

Mr Tasker's next volume was printed in 1878, while residing on Tyneside. The venture was a gratifying success, and like the first volume, it had a rapid sale. The North of England critics warmly commended the work, and bracketed the author's name with those of Burns and Tannahill. Several of the poems from the book appeared in the magazines of the day.

Mr Tasker gave valuable assistance with the preparation and publication of Mr D. I. Greig's "Pastime Musings," in 1892, and over a score of his poems were included in the volume. The edition numbered 2300 copies, and as they were all subscribed for, there was some disappointment on the part of those who heard of the book when too late to secure a copy. Selections from Mr Tasker's poems with biographical notes appeared in the second series of "Modern Scottish Poets," "The Poets Album," and "The Bards of Argus and the Mearns," but as these publications gave only a few representative pieces, and as the three volumes mentioned above are all out of print, it is right that modern admirers of Mr Tasker's

muse should have the opportunity of obtaining a copy of his best pieces, published and unpublished.

Mr David Tasker was born in Dundee in 1840. His father belonged to Perth and was a weaver to trade, but the war fever, which came to a head at Waterloo, affected him, and in 1816 he joined the Fifeshire Militia and served for five years. He then enlisted in the Scots Fusilier Foot Guards, and for the larger part of the fourteen years of his military life he was an officer's servant. Returning to civil life he became proprietor of the Railway Tavern, situated near the Dundee Station. Laterly he resumed his trade, and David was early initiated in the mysteries of pirn filling. At the age of eleven David's education at Hamilton's School, Meadowside, Dundee, was completed. As a scholar he excelled in penmanship, holding first place in a competition against all comers. His mother died about the time he left school, and five years later his father also passed away. Left, the eldest of four at the age of sixteen, the struggle of life was, for him, early begun. He had learned his father's trade, and for some years he wrought at the loom, and attained to the position of a factory foreman. At this period of his life he was in great request as a singer, his voice was melodious and he could turn with equal facility to the comic or the sentimental, which made him a favourite in the concert room.

Five years after he published his first volume he left Dundee, and for the next seventeen years he resided on Tyneside, finding employment in the Paper Mills there. Returning to Dundee in 1888 he has been

successively employed in Dundee Foundry, Upper Dens Mills, and is at present timekeeper at the Arctic Tannery.

It is with some diffidence we approach the home and lift the veil on Mr Tasker's domestic life. Does it not seem like impertinence to pry into his private history? But to understand Mr Tasker's poems you must understand the man. His nature is so sensitive, and he responds so readily to all stimulating influences that his home life is of especial interest. We are convinced that much of the pathos and tender feeling so well expressed in many of his poems are due to the chastening experiences he has passed through.

i) Like all men possessing the ardent temperament, his susceptibilities were open and easily accessible to the charms of the gentler sex, and it does not astonish us to find that in his early manhood he fell in love with one who was worthy of his affections. That was a happy period in his otherwise hard lot, when he wooed and won his bride. But the felicity of married life was doomed to be of short duration, for, in less than a year after the marriage, his wife passed away after giving birth to a daughter. This great sorrow powerfully affected him and deepened that sympathy and compassion for others in distress that has always characterised his life. The infant was tenderly cared for by its grandmother, whose devotion to the motherless child was most praiseworthy. This daughter is still alive, is married, and resides in London.

Some years after the loss of his wife Mr Tasker set

his affections on another, who has been to him a true helpmate through the intervening years. They had one child, but she died before attaining her fourth birthday. This was another sad affliction, and the careful reader of Mr Tasker's poems will not fail to observe throughout the volume an undertone of tenderness, none the less sweet though pitched in the minor key, doubtless due to these family bereavements.

Mr and Mrs Tasker live a simple unpretentious life, happy in each other's company. When the husband reels off a poem his wife acts the part of critic, and there are few better qualified to pass an opinion on any poem than Mrs Tasker.

Long may the poet and his worthy wife be spared to win the esteem and respect of all who come in contact with them.

JOHN PAUL.



Author's Note.

81 I HAVE learned in the school of experience the wisdom of my friend Mr Paul's remark, that at present "poetry is a drug in the market." Had it not been for the assistance of an army of willing workers in securing subscribers, it was more than doubtful if this volume would have seen the light. To those who have so kindly interested themselves in the success of the venture I take this opportunity of tendering my sincere acknowledgements. I may state that I have included in this collection a few of what I consider the least faulty pieces from my first volume, "Musings of Leisure Hours," and also half-a-dozen others from the supplementary part of Mr D. L. Greig's "Pastime Musings," to which Mr Paul and I had the pleasure of contributing. The rest of the pieces will be new to the majority of my readers.

I would fain hope that those who do me the honour of perusing these liltis, if they do not derive much profit, will at least experience a little of the pleasure vouchsafed to me in their composition.

The Bairnies at Hame.

The bricht sun o' simmer sinks grandly to rest

[Mid calm rosy cluds doon the fair gowden west ;

Th' blue hills are glintin', wi' glory arrayed,

Th' bonnie wee birds i' th' hawthorn glade

Are carollin' sweetly on ilka green spray,

[As hameward I trudge frae th' toils o' the day.

Far awa' doon i' yon cool mossy dell,

[Whaur blossom th' craw-pea an' wavin' blue-bell,

An' whaur th' lang ferns creep th' grey rocks amang,

[A clear siller burnie rows wimplin' along ;

In a green shady neuk, by its waters sae bricht,

[Stands the snug cosy biggin' sae dear tae my sicht ;

Juist noo its low roof-tree, close theekit wi' straw,

['Tae keep us a' warm when the winter winds blaw,

Keeks thro' th' thick foliage, sae welcome tae view,

[While frae the lum-head th' reek curls up sae blue ;

Ha ! th' wee tots are crossin' the brig ower the stream,

[To welcome their dad tae his love-lichtit hame.

O sweet are the pleasures th' gloamin' time brings,

[Then love round oor dwellin' a bricht halo flings ;

We a' are sae happy tho' frugal oor fare---

[We aye are contented, then what need we mair ?

Ony pleasures that wealth gi'es are no worth the name,

[Compared wi' the joys 'mang the bairnies at hame.

Hoo cosy we sit roon th' warm ingle neuk,

[Th' totums a' daffin, while I'm at my beuk ;

My dear wifie sits wi' th' wean on her knee,

[An' croons it tae sleep wi' a sweet lullaby ;

Or's darnin' a stockin' or's steekin' th' seam

┌ O' a duddie o' claes for the bairnies at hame.

Tho' sair I maun toil frae the dawnin' tae nicht,

┌ My heart is aye cheery, my spirits are licht :

I think o' the weans that ilk turn o' th' plew

┌ Helps tae bring a sma' dud or a bit tae th' mou' ;

I envy nae riches, I covet nae fame,

┌ But strength tae provide for th' bairnies at hame.

Nae doot we hae haen cares an' sorrows enoo,

┌ But if life were a' sunshine oor joys wad be few ;

For if winter ne'er cam', wi' its cauld gloomy skies,

┌ We wadna sae dearly th' simmer-time prize ;

Sae oor joys hae been purer, sin' tearfu' we saw

┌ Oor dear little Archie laid deep 'neath th' snaw.

Sae adoon life's dark stream may we peacefully glide,

┌ My wifie an angel o' love by my side ;

An' th' totums, God bless their wee hearties, I ken

┌ Will grow tae be braw bonnie lasses an' men ;

But altho' I sud leeve till I'm donnart an' lame,

┌ I'll aye mind the joys 'mang the bairnies at hame.



A Tale of Horror.

The night was dark, the wind blew wild, in torrents
fell the rain,
The thunder bellowed loudly, and the lightning
flashed amain ;
While tired and hungry, cold and wet, with spirits far
from light,
I trudged along in hopes to find a shelter from the
night.

I travelled on and on, it was a lonely road I ween,
Full many a league I'd gone but ne'er a dwelling had
I seen ;
'Till, wearied out and hopeless, I sank down—when,
welcome sight,
Through the thick darkness I descried a glimmering
ray of light.

With hopes renewed I tottered on until I reached the
spot
From whence the light proceeded, 'twas a gloomy-
looking cot ;
I sought the door, and was about to knock, when lo !
within
Arose loud shrieks, and horrid screams, and dreadful
noise and din.

I started back affrighted, while amazement filled my
soul.
Then cautiously I crept to where the light shone
through a "bole ;"

And peering in, upon my wondering eyes there burst
a view
So horrible, it froze my blood, and thrilled me through
and through.

Two men were there, fit hands they seemed to take a
human life ;
One stood with visage ghastly, while he clutched a
bloody knife ;
The other knelt, and held the victim down with all
his force,
Till all grew still, and on the gory ground there lay a
corse.

In fear and terror from the awful scene, I turned and
fled
Through wind and rain—my only thought was to
avenge the dead ;
At length I reached a little town, then straightway to
the jail
I went and sought a constable, and told my tragic
tale.

At once a gig was hired, then back we drove with
lightning speed,
Until we reach'd the cot where had transpired the
horrid deed ;
Extinguished was the light, and all was dark and still
within,
But soon we roused the inmates up, and boldly
entered in.

I knew the villains at a glance, quite thunderstruck
stood they,

Till one spoke up, "I'd like to know your business
here, I pray,"

"Quite soon enough you'll know," I said, "but not to
hinder time,

We take you into custody, charged with a dreadful
crime."

"A dreadful crime," they both exclaimed, their faces
ghastly white,

"There's some mistake." "Perhaps there is," I said,
"but fetch a light

That we may search your premises, and very soon
we'll show

There's not the least mistake, which you so well
already know."

"Oh! welcome, certainly," they said, "if that is your
desire ;"

So then we search'd the barn in vain, and then went
to the byre,

And there stretch'd on a board that lay on the red,
sodden ground,

The object of our search, rolled in a crimsoned cloth,
was found.

"Ha! villains," I exclaimed, "behold your victim
pale and cold,"

While tremblingly, I knelt the blood-stained covering
to unfold,

And soon exposed to view, O heaven! methinks I see
it now—

The naked, full-grown carcase of a—beautiful fat sow,

Crestfallen and ashamed, I rose and slunk toward the
door—
Convulsed with laughter stood the men, the “bobby”
cursed and swore ;
Then to the village back we drove, through rain, and
and mirk, and mire ;
But sad to say—I had to pay ten shillings for the hire.

A Sigh from the Shipyard.

I am tired of the tumult, and riot,
And the smoke, and the dust of the town ;
And I long once again for the quiet
Of the dales, where the mountains look down.

For the daydreams, delightful past telling,
That oftimes my being would thrill,
Have fled since I left my old dwelling
By a far-away Cumberland hill.

In the morning I used to awaken,
At the sound of the birds singing sweet ;
But my slumbers are now rudely shaken
By the tramp, tramp of hurrying feet.

At the sound of the buzzer, loud booming,
I haste to the bleak river side,
Where the ships, like tall spectres, are looming
Through the mist floating over the tide.

And I toil all the day 'midst the clamour,
And clangour, and deafening noise
Of the mallet, and chisel, and hammer,
And the shouts of the rivetters' boys.

Deep down in the close-cramped recesses
Of the mighty "Orlando's"* great hold,
Where like bees in a hive, toiling masses
Are turning the iron to gold.

Ah, me ! what a change—now the bustle,
The turmoil, and hurry, and strife,
Where the strong they will elbow and hustle
The weak in the struggle for life.

What a change from the peace and the pleasure,
And calm of my rural abode,
Where the poor toiled along at their leisure,
And cheerfully carried life's load.

I do not complain of my labours,
God knows I am willing to toil ;
But so distant and strange seem my neighbours,
And so lonely I feel all the while.

How I miss the cool, pure, healthy breezes
From the fells towering high over all ;
But nothing my fancy here pleases,
Where the smoke hangs above like a pall

*A belted cruiser built by the Palmer Shipbuilding Co., Jarrow-on-Tyne, where I was employed when these verses were written.

And I miss my long, bright, pleasant rambles
By the hedges sweet-scented with briar,
Where the dog-roses twined with the brambles,
Till I thought that I never would tire.

And I long, though 'twere but for a minute,
To hearken again to the song
Of the blackbird, the throstle, and linnet,
Where Eden glides sweetly along.

Forget the old places I cannot,
And the friends so familiar and kind ;
And, oh ! I'll confess that dear Janet
Is scarce ever out of my mind.

I think of our walks when the gloaming,
In silence, its shadows let fall ;
Now vainly I watch for her coming,
And I miss her the sorest of all.

Our lives glided smoothly together,
But mine now of sadness is full ;
And, no matter how pleasant the weather,
To me it looks dreary and dull.

But 'tis idle and useless regretting,
Content here I'll strive to remain,
But I wish I could see the sun setting
O'er the green peaks of Skiddaw again.

The Pleasures of Winter.

The poets rave and sing
 Of the charms of vernal spring,
 With its singing birds in budding wood and dell,
 But I count it most absurd
 That they don't put in a word
 For the pleasures of the winter time as well.

For the fact I will maintain,
 And I'll strive to make it plain,
 That in spite of dismal days and darksome nights,
 And of stormy winds that blow,
 Charged with rain, and sleet, and snow,
 That the winter season has its own delights.

When the sky is blue and bright,
 And the snow gleams crisp and white,
 To the country lanes what pleasure to repair,
 Where the clustered haws and hips,
 Redder than a maiden's lips,
 Gaily glisten in the frosty sunlit air.

Then a buoyancy I feel
 O'er my jaded spirits steal,
 When the bracing air upon my cheek blows cool,
 And the blood in every vein
 Leaps and tingles, till again
 I'm a merry, careless "laddie" at the school.

Then what rapture and delight,
 When fair "Luna," Queen of Night,
 Sheds her witching, dreamy light o'er ice-bound mere,

On the ringing skates to glide,
With a loved one by your side,
To whisper tender nothings in her ear.

When nights are dark and long,
Then with music, mirth, and song,
The hours we gaily pass though tempests blow,
And bitter sleet and rain
Beat against the window pane,
Doubly welcome is the firelight's ruddy glow.

The spring brings song and flowers,
And the summer golden hours,
And the autumn days their bounties rich bestow
But to me they can't impart
The joys that fill my heart
When I hear the "Christmas Bells" across the snow.
Among other pleasant things
That the winter season brings
Is your "Christmas Number" laden with good cheer,
And I hope its readers will
Of enjoyment have their fill,
While I wish them all a merry, glad New Year.

An Evening Scene.

I sit by the open casement :
The evening is calm and mild,
The summer winds come sighing, soft
As the breath of a little child—

Wafting into my parlour cool
A richly sweet perfume
From the lilac buds, and the milk-white thorn,
And the rosy apple bloom.

God's earth is serenely smiling, clad
In the beauties of flow'ry May ;
The Day King, throned in his crimson car,
Sinks grandly far away ;

His slanting beams, all quivering, fall
In a radiant glory rain,
Tinging the woods with a purple sheen
While luminous glows the plain.

Away far over the pleasant fields,
Through the dazzling sunset haze,
The grand old hills, in a pale blue line,
Break dim on my wand'ring gaze :

Soaring away 'midst the calm white clouds,
That sparkle pure and bright,
Like snow-clad amber isles in a sea
Of golden azure light ;

The lowing cattle are roaming glad
By the brook in the grassy glade,
Which glances bright as a chain of gold
O'er an emerald carpet laid ;

And the voices of happy children,
At play on the village green
With the song-bird's notes all merrily ring
Through the balmy blue serene.

God's glory is over all below
 And above ; while waxeth glad
 My heart, that a little while ago
 Throbb'd wearily and sad.

Tam's Coortship.

We've an acre or twa, wi' a horse an' kye,
 An' pigs, an' poultry, an' siller forbye ;
 We're canty an' cosy as weel need be,
 That canny auld body my granny and me.
 A'e day, while she sat by the chimley cheek,
 Atween the puffs o' tobacco reek,
 Quo' she, " Losh, Tam, ye're a weel faur'd chiel,
 It's time ye were walin' a wife atweel."

Chorus—[Repeat last two lines of each verse.]

" There's Meg o' the mill, tho' she's no just young,
 She's a sensible lass, wi' a ceevil tongue ;
 But better than that, she has gowd an' gear,
 Then, believe me, laddie, ye need nae mair.
 Ye'll no ha'e me lang, for I'm auld an' frail,
 An' ye'll aye be needin' yer parritch an' kail ;"
 " Od, granny," quo I, " but it's there yer richt ;"
 Sae I stappit across to the mill that nicht.

" Guid e'enin'," quo I, " dear mistress Meg,"
 " Guid e'enin'," quo she, " but ye've gien's a fleg,
 Is yer granny deid, that ye come like that,

I' yer Kirk-gaun claes, an' yer lang lum hat ? "
I stuid at the door, an' I hum'd an' haw'd
" My granny she thinks I'm a weel-faur'd lad,
But ye ken that she's donert, an' auld, an' dune,
An' she says ye're worthy to fill her shune."

" Ye're big an healthy, an strong an' stoot,
An'll mak' me a capital wife, nae doot ;
But tho' maybe a wee thocht auld, yet, still,
Ye've gowd, an' gear, an' a braw new mill.
What think ye yersel', dear mistress Meg ? "
" I'm thinkin'," quo she, as she raised her leg,
" Ye're an eediot, an' fule, or a hantle waur,"
An' she sent me spinnin' amang th' glaur.

I didna ken very weel what to think,
When I faund mysel' in th' miry sink,
Dumfooner'd clean, to my feet I gat,
But her dowg was aff wi' my lang lum hat.
The men cam' oot, an' they jeered an' laugh'd,
I thocht to mysel' they had a' gaen daft ;
But aye sin' syne, to her cost she's fund,
My corn nae mair at her mill's been grund.

Recalled Home.

She looked so lovely as she lay,
Within her snowy shroud ;
While like a far shed sunset ray,
Tinging a pure white cloud,

A faint rose-colour flushed her cheek—
A mystic radiance beamed
Around her face, like one asleep,
Our little darling seemed.

As when serene at set of sun,
The purple clouds grow grey—
So paled the carmine flush that on
Her waxen features lay.
Ah ! then we knew her spirit pure
Had winged its flight through space ;
Which only seemed to us before
To linger round her face.

And oh ! what anguish in that hour
Our stricken hearts went through ;
Our rosebud was the only flower
Our wedding garden knew.
And oh ! the gloom that shadowed all,
Our tear-dimmed vision met ;
As if had come the gloaming fall,
Long e'er the sun had set.

We bore her hence, to see her face
No more save but in dreams ;
And now a dull and empty place
Our once bright dwelling seems.
'Till tenderly her form we laid
Beneath the wild March flowers,
We had no thought her being made
So much a part of ours.

A tiny lock of golden hair
Fondly we linger o'er ;
And sorrow-blind we call to mind,
The joys that are no more.
Our tears we struggle to repress,
They all unconscious flow ;
With time, in place of lessening,
Our sorrows seem to grow.

Yet wherefore grieve and murmur thus,
Against the high behest
Of Him who ruleth over us,
And knoweth all things best.
Had He not deemed it good and wise
His purpose to fulfil—
Our flower that blooms in Paradise,
Had graced our garden still.

The Bonnie Den o' Mains.

A wee ayont the dinsome toon
There is a mossy den,
And no for mony a mile aroon
A fairer spot I ken.
Sweet dreams o' youth come back to me,
And simmer gladness reigns
Within my hert, when e'er I see
The bonnie Den o' Mains.

O weel I min' in days langsyne,
A shilpit, barefit loon,
I'd slip awa, unkenne'd to a'
My playmates, frae the toon.
I lang'd to see the gowany lea,
And hear th' sang-birds' strains,
And lie and dream aside thy stream,
Dear, bonnie Den o' Mains.

The cushat cooin' in the fir
Was twenty times mair sweet
To me/ than a' the soun' and stir
That filled the city street.
To plait the rashes lang and green,
Or weave fair daisy chains,
Inspired my hert wi' rapture keen,
Dear, bonnie Den o' Mains.

In youthtime aft in gloamin' oors,
Wi' ane I lo'ed sae dear,
I've roamed beside thy ruin'd tooers,
And by thy kirkyaird drear.
I won her love, she whispered "yes,"
Amang thy hawthorn lanes,
And aye since syne I've cause to bless
That oor, sweet Den o' Mains.

And whiles, tho' baith grown auld an' frail,
We seek the hallowed scenes,
And tell aince mair the same auld tale
Like lovers in oor teens.

The past comes back, the present flees,
Wi' a' its cares and pains ;
What rapture recollection gies
O' thee, dear Den o' Mains.

Nightfall.

Beyond the dim blue mountains,
Far in the west, pale grows
The line of purple daylight,
As night in silence throws

Its weird and gloomy mantle
O'er all, while sink to rest
Forms, with the long day's toiling,
All weary and opprest.

The scattered rows of lamp-lights
The city that illume,
Like bright red stars in the distance,
Gleam through the deep'ning gloom ;

While sounds of myraid voices
From the city rising, come
Through the breezeless summer evening
In a dreamy, fitful hum.

Blending dim with the murmurs
Of the melancholy sea
On the pebbly beach, low splashing,
Not far away from me.

Now from its dark blue bosom
So solemnly serene,
Emerges, calm and beautiful,
The Night's pale lovely Queen.

Slowly, silently, scaling
The orient azure walls :
And the stars wax pale in her glory,
And hide in the heavenly halls.

The rippling waves are sparkling
With a luminous, silv'ry sheen,
And a misty mellow radiance
Floats over the tranquil scene.

And over my soul comes stealing,
Like the moonlight over the main,
A mystical hallowed feeling
That words can not explain.

Summer.

Like a tyrant king from his tottering throne,
Grim Winter has fled to the frigid zone,
To reign supreme 'midst his icy cells,
Where the white bear prowls, and the walrus dwells ;
And dear young Summer now reigneth queen,
Awakening smiles where tears have been.

She has come from that mystical balmy land,
Of dark-eyed maidens and vinehills grand ;

Where beautiful rivers all sparkling lave
Green shores, where the olive and almond wave ;
With the orange, and myrtle, and palm tree high ;
'Neath the radiant blue of a cloudless sky.

In glory she walks through the land unseen,
Adorning the woods with a leafy screen,
Mantling the meadows with loveliest hues,
Nursing the wild flowers with diamond dew,
And dipping the new-born star—bright bells—
In the rich quintessence of fragrant smells.

Now, toil-sick and weary, I long to stray
To the emerald valleys, and hills, away
From the populous town—with its dust and din,
Its misery, squalor, disease, and sin ;
With Nature communion sweet to hold
'Midst her marvellous beauties manifold.

To clamber the breezy, bloom-clad hills,
By the mossy margins of tinkling rills,
That with rainbow-tinted lustre glow,
As in miniature cascades they dance and flow
Down their rocky channels, by bosky dell,
And tangled thicket and fern-clad fell ;

And cull the blue violet, and cowslip bright,
The lily pale, and wee daisy white,
Under the whispering green-haired pines,
While the sunbeams slanting, in golden lines
Through the cool, dim twilight all tremulous dart,
Like rays of joy on a sorrowful heart.

Dear Summer, while roaming thy vales and hills,
A dreamy gladness my being fills ;
The sound of the brook, and the sigh of the breeze,
The stir i' the leaves, and the hum o' the bees ;
The low of the herds, and the song of the birds
Wake feelings within me too deep for words.

We'll meet again.

She came beside me in a dream,
In angel guise, and gently said—
“Does life for you less joyous seem
Now I am dead, now I am dead?”

“So joyless now! Indeed,” I cried,
“Of life I'm well-nigh weary grown ;
For never since the day you died
A joy I've known, a joy I've known.”

“Ah! then you sometimes think of me,
And of the oldtime hours of bliss,
When you, beneath the trysting tree,
My lips would kiss, my lips would kiss.”

“Not sometimes, dear, but always. Yes,
You fill my thoughts, so sadly fain ;
And nightly in my dreams I press
Your lips again, your lips again.”

“My memory still you'll cherish thus,
And to the vows betwixt us twain ;

Though fate on earth hath parted us,
Aye true remain, aye true remain."

"Ay, true till death, my darling love,
You were my light, my life, my all;
Our vows are registered above,
Beyond recall, beyond recall."

She smiled, and slowly wing'd her flight,
But, shining round her, 'midst the blue,
I traced those words in lines of light—
"I wait for you, I wait for you."

I woke! Mine eyes were dim with tears,
Ah! weary years have passed since then,
But still the thought my bosom cheers—
We'll meet again, we'll meet again.

A Message.

To-day I stand in pensive mood
Where Derwent mirrors clearly
A fairy nook in Chopwell Wood,
While robin pipes so cheer'ly.
But, Derwent Vale, though fair thou art
As Ettrick, Tweed, or Yarrow;
Thy beauty witches not my heart,
'Tis absent now at Jarrow.

O, Derwent, to old Father Tyne
Within thy rippling bosom
Convey some heartfelt thoughts of mine—
And on thy way don't lose 'em—

That he, in passing Jarrow may
To absent friends confide them,
That they may know, though here to-day
In fancy I'm beside them.

Though, Jarrow, bleak and cheerless are
The scenes that thee environ,
And smoky clouds thy features mar
From works of coal and iron,
To kindly hearts within thy walls
My thoughts speed like an arrow,
And mem'ry lovingly recalls
Old times in thee, dear Jarrow.

In thee, with kindred souls I've had
Much converse sweet, no wonder
At times I feel a trifle sad
As lonely now I ponder.
Though here, the face of nature thrills,
My heart with scenes far grander ;
In dreams I see your ballast hills
As by the Don I wander.

Though in thy shipyard toilsome days
Were mine, when life seemed dreary ;
My mates—though rough—to me always
Were homely, frank, and cheery ;
When work and cash grew scant indeed,
Yet he who feeds the sparrow
Provided aye a "friend in need,"
To cheer the gloom, dear Jarrow.

Though now, thank heaven, my lines are cast
In fair and pleasant places,
I'll ne'er forget, while life shall last,
Thy kind, familiar faces.
Of "Walker" they may boast who will,
With thee it cannot marrow,
Not time nor distance e'er shall chill
My love for thee, dear Jarrow.

The Picture on the Wall.

Down through a stirless atmosphere
Falleth the dusky twilight gloom,
Shading mountain, vale, and mere,
And stealing into my little room,—
Where, by the firelight, flickering low,
Dreamily, lone, and sad I sit,
Watching the red flames come and go,
And their faintly glimmering shadows flit.
Silently, fitfully, they pass
Over the room-walls to and fro ;
Now they gleam on the looking-glass,
Now on the quaint old clock they glow ;
Now on a pictured face they fall—
The fair young face of my dear dead love—
Which looketh down on me from the wall,
Like a beautiful angel from above.
Its large eyes, sweetly blue and bright,
Its brown hair, arching a noble brow ;
And the full round cheeks, all flush'd and white,
It seemeth to smile upon me now,

Sweet, as in life it used to smile ;
Yet it seemeth a living face to me,
For time that face cannot erase
From the mirror of my memory.

It haunteth my vision all the day,
It floateth around me everywhere ;
At night, when I look up, far away
Among the stars, I see it there ;
It rises before me in my dreams,
In the quiet hours o' th' mirk midnight ;
And sometimes around it mildly beams
A radiant halo of heavenly light.

And oft we roam where the rippling brook
Kisses the pebbles white and cool,
And rest in the greenly sheltered nook
Close by the old mill's glassy pool ;
Rest 'neath the rustling tall old pine,
Where oft we've met in the twilight grey ;
And I press her warm, soft cheek to mine,
And kiss her again in the dear old way.

Vain idle dreams ! Ah, never again
On earth that face will smile on me—
It shineth, where joys eternal reign,
On the golden shore by the glassy sea ;
And I am weary the livelong day,
Lonely, weary, and sad at heart,—
Longing to join her, far away
Never more from my love to part !

Longings for the Country.

Mother, come let us be going
 Away from the sultry town ;
 No cool winds here are blowing,
 And the air with smoke is brown.
 My heart is heavy and weary,
 My bosom with many a sigh
 Is heaving ; the days seem dreary,
 And the hours go slowly by.

The spring-time, mother, is ended,
 The joyous summer is come,
 And oh ! how I long to spend it
 Where the busy brown bees hum,
 'Midst the wild-flowers, sweetly growing
 All over the emerald down ;
 Where the breezes pure come blowing,
 And the sky is blue, not brown.

Where the dewy green leaves glisten,
 In some cool, calm retreat
 I long once more to listen,
 Through the hush o' th' summer heat,
 To the music of song-birds blending
 With the murmurings of glad streams,
 Through the quivering leaves ascending,
 Like melody heard in dreams ;

To climb the breezy mountains,
 To lie 'mongst the long-leaved ferns,
 By the gush of gurgling fountains,
 My weary spirit yearns ;

And to roam o'er the flow'r-gemm'd meadows
By the woods and sparkling rills,
When the twilight's purple shadows
Steal over the violet hills.

In our home by the dreamy river,
Where, mother, I long to be,
I never grew sad, oh ! never,
But the days passed pleasantly.
From the city's din and bustle,
Dear mother, now let us go
Where the lush-green grasses rustle,
And the golden king-cups blow.

A Letter to my Absent Wife.

Oh, Janet, dear, that afternoon while standing on the
pier,
When in the steamboat you and dear wee baby
sailed away
Across the Tay's blue bosom, in the sunlight glancing
clear,
Oh, sad at heart and lone I felt, though seeming to
be gay.

But sadder still and lonelier I felt when home I went,
With no one there to greet me with a kindly word
or smile.

The house was dark and still, the fire within the grate
was spent,

And all look'd dismal as a lone hut on a wintry isle.

I sought my couch, but long it was before mine eyes
would close,

For thinking of our darling pet, and you, my own
dear wife ;

And when at length, all wearied out, I sank into repose,
In dreams I was beside you, far across the hills of
Fife.

In dreams I was beside you in that dear old rustic cot,
Where now you've gone to stay awhile with mother
kind and good ;

And oh, we were so happy—care and sorrow were
forgot,

While we sat and talked, and laughed, and sang, all
in a merry mood.

The vision vanished, I awoke, and you were far away,
I wonder now, I thought, if she has also dreamt of
me ?

But not alone in dreams, dear wife, but fifty times
a-day.

In fancy, you and baby Teen and mother dear I see.

And I wish that I were with you from this noisy
smoky town—

For I am sick and weary of its close unhealthy air—
To climb the steep Benarty hill, among the heather
brown ;

The cool, pure healthy breezes blowing round me
everywhere.

To wander by the green banks of the Lochty and the
Ore,

And by the castle ruins rest beneath the beeches
old ;

To seek the shady dell beside the crags so steep and
hoar,

And drink the waters of the spring so crystalline and
cold.

Oh, many a time, dear wife, I think upon those happy
hours,

When you and I as lovers roamed amongst those
scenes so dear ;

All happy as the little birds that warbled in the bowers,
And I'd repeat my simple rhymes you loved so well
to hear.

Since then we've launched our bark of fate together
on life's tide,

And many a sunny day we've had, and cloudy
weather too ;

But never, darling, since the day that you became my
bride,

Our dear and close companionship have I had cause
to rue.

Then love and kisses manifold to baby Teen and you,
And while you're gone, I trust that pleasant weather
will prevail ;

And that the pure fresh air your wasted strength will
quite renew,

And bring the rose back to your cheek, now grown
a trifle pale.

Strive to Love Each Other.

Strive to love each other,
Heart and soul sincere ;
Court each as a brother
Or a sister dear.

Few our days and weary,
Full of hopes and fears ;
Dark the road and dreary,
Through this vale of tears.

Sadly, still complaining
Trudge we on through life ;
Where peace might be reigning
There is naught but strife.
Love, from hearts up-welling,
Might fill all the earth,
Light each lordly dwelling,
Cheer each lowly hearth.

Help ye one another ;
Idly scorn to live ;
To a forlorn brother
Hopeful counsel give,
Kind words mildly spoken
Leave no bitter smart—
They soothe the spirit broken,
Heal the wounded heart.

Human hearts beat kindly
Full of love untold,

But men, groping blindly
Ever after gold,
Coldly spurn each other,
Passing on life's road,—
Offspring from one mother,
One Great Father—God.

Wooded and Won.

Behind a dim-seen hill
The sun had sunk ; night's purple mantle fell ;
While on a moss-bank, by a reedy rill,
Sat I and Minnie Bell.

The tender summer flowers
Folded their dew-wet leaves ; the flocks and herds
In peace reclined ; while 'midst the leafy bowers
Mute sat the weary birds.

And all things else were still,
Save the trees whispering, and the soft-winds sighing,
And the cool, rippling wavelets of the rill
In murmurs low replying.

While tranced in dreamy bliss
I sat, her wee white hand soft clasped in mine,
Watching in her blue eyes—all tenderness—
The luminous love-star shine.

Her voice my spirit thrilled
Like an old memory-cherished melody.

As sunlight to the flowers by north winds chilled,
Her smile was dear to me.

Twelve moons had waxed and waned
Since, starlike, first she'd flash'd upon my sight ;
A glory in my darkened soul then reigned,
My path through life to light.

Yet I had never told
Her how, within the chambers of my mind,
Like a rare, beauteous picture framed in gold,
Her image hung enshrined.

My arm slipped round her waist
So taper, while my cheek to hers drew nigh ;
The love dew on her lips I longed to taste,
But aye I felt so shy.

Now love had made me bold ;
On her soft cheek I planted one sweet kiss ;
She blushed and smiled,—but no, she did not scold,
Nor e'en take it amiss.

Grown bolder, I confest
In eloquent and glowing words, how I
So long, though secretly, had loved her best
Of maidens 'neath the sky.

While to my throbbing breast
I folded her with many a long-drawn sigh
And tears of joy that could not be repress
Shone in her mild blue eye.

Oh, long we sat, though fast
The gladsome, golden moments o'er us flew ;

We spake of happy memories of the past,
And future prospects too.

And since my heart is thine,

I said, oh, Minnie love, pray answer me,
Say wilt thou launch thy barque of fate with mine
Upon life's changeful sea, ne'er to repine,
Whatever winds may be ?

In pensive thought sat she

A little while; then in a tremulous tone
She breathed those tender words, I love but thee,
My heart is all thine own.

Watching in Vain.

A maiden sat lone, on a mossy stone,
Close by the moaning midnight sea,
Singing with sad and plaintive tone,
“ I am weary watching here alone,

Oh come back, love, to me ! ”

But the night winds cried with a hollow groan,
And the sea replied with a sullen moan—

“ He will never come back to thee ! ”

Her face gleam'd white in th' weird moonlight
That silvered the surging, blue, lone sea,
As she look'd away, far out in th' bay,
O'er the foam-capp'd waves, through the misty spray;
By the wind blown far and free—

Singing with sad and plaintive tone,

"I am weary watching here alone,

 O come back, love, to me!"

While the night winds cried with a hollow groan,

And the waves replied with a sullen moan,

 "He will never come back to thee!"

No tear stood on her white, white cheek,

 Nor shone in her bright but hollow eye—

Ah, no; the fountains of the heart,

That open with sorrow's bitter smart,

And flow to the eyes, and in tear-drops start,

 Had long in her been dry—

As to and fro she swayed and sang,

While mournfully the echoes rang—

 Borne through the midnight sky—

"I am weary watching here alone ;

 Oh ! cruel, cruel sea,

Have pity, and send back my own

 True-hearted love to me !

For he has vowed, when he comes home,

 That I his bride will be."

But the winds still cried with a hollow groan,

And the waves replied with a sullen moan,

 "He will never come back to thee !"

Oh ! long she sat, but she looked in vain

 Over the misty, moonlit tide,

For him who would never return again,

 To make her his own dear bride ;

For soundly he slept in the deep, far down,
Wrapt in a shroud of the seaweed brown ;
And nevermore in the seaport town
 Would he sit by her side.

Yet oft she sits on the mossy stone
 Gazing sadly over the sea ;
And still she sings in a hopeless tone,
" I am weary, weary, watching alone,
 Will you never come back to me ? "
But still the groaning night-winds cry—
And still the moaning waves reply—
 " He will never come back to thee."

The Wreck and the Rescue.

Mirk and dense the clouds are lowering
O'er the wild white billows, towering
Mountains high, the salt spray showering
 O'er the beetling cliffs ashore ;
Lurid gleams the sheeted lightning,
Night's bleak face all weirdly bright'ning,
But the storm-toss'd sailors whitening—
 Thunders peal, and chill winds roar.

'Midst that elemental crashing,
O'er that dark sea madly dashing,
Fiercely foaming, loudly lashing,
 Landward drifts a-fated bark.

Hark ! the booming guns are blending
With the thunder, heaven rending—
See the blue lights far ascending,
 Streaming meteors through the dark.

Denser grows the mist, and dimmer
Glow the fitful lurid shimmer,
Where her stern and topleights glimmer,
 Rocking wildly through the gloom
Like a maddened war-horse rearing,
Leaping, plunging, swift careering—
Still the rugged low reef nearing,
 Rolls she onward to her doom.

Fiercer howls the blast, and louder
Burst the thunder-clouds that shroud her ;
Hark ! from trembling forms that crowd her
 Wave-washed decks, wild shrieks arise ;
Wailing screams of frantic women,
Mingling with hoarse cries of seamen—
Ringing 'bove the tempest demon's
 Death-song through the murky skies.

To destruction, swift and swifter,
On the rolling surges drift her—
Now far up they lightly lift her,
 Now she's well-nigh lost to sight—
Like a mighty sea-bird wheeling,
Like a drunken giant reeling ;
Gleams a lightning flash, revealing
 All around the breakers white.

Now the shore with life is teeming—
Flashing torchlights red are gleaming,
Surging back the gloom, and streaming
 Q'er that black tumultuous sea
To the doomed ship, and seeming
Rays of hope through death's night beaming
To those souls, all wildly dreaming
 Of a dim eternity.

By that sea-beach, lashed so fearful,
Anxious women stand all tearful,
While brave hearts, all toiling cheerful
 Drag the life-boat to the strand ;
Blinding spray-clouds each big wave throws
Shoreward ; fearlessly they brave those—
Ready death to meet, or save those
 Perishing so near to land.

Nobly calm they take their places
In the boat, of fear no traces
In those manly, rough, brown faces,
 While amidst the surge they launch ;
Now the low dark reef they're rounding,
O'er the great white billows bounding,
Each wave 'gainst the black rocks sounding
 Like an Alpine avalanche.

Through the gloom wet eyes are straining,
While to sight the boat is waneing,
Fast the fated vessel gaining ;
 Now her dancing light is seen

By the wreck—Great Father, guide her
For a space no harm betide her :
Now the distance wide and wider
Grows the wreck and boat between.

Safely, from that foam-lashed, stranded
Vessel, all on shore are landed ;
And to Him, who erst commanded
Galilee's waves to be still,
Many a humble knee low bendeth,
Many an earnest prayer ascendeth.
Thus, dear friends, my story endeth—
Aid its purpose to fulfil.

Bonnie Benarty.

There's a far awa' hill in the Kingdom o' Fife,
And in fancy I see it ilk day o' my life ;
And at nicht, in my dreams, aft I wander fu' fain
'Mang its bracken and broom and red heather again.
There are hills in the land mair majestic and hie,
Though nane but itsel' I've a hankerin' to see,
Far, far wad I gang, and ne'er weary atweel,
The green sunny slopes o' Benarty to speil.
And what gars me lang frae my heart to be there,
It's no but there's scenes that I ken o' as fair,
Though whiles frae its tap, looking doon on Loch
Leven,

I hae thocht it nae less than a glimpse into Eden.
But ayont, and ower a', 'tis a dream o' lang syne
That hallows the spot wi' a charm maist divine,
A fond recollection o' blythe days of yore,
When I wooed 'mang its woodlands the maid o'
Lochore.

O! can I forget in the gloamin' sae still
Hoo I sped ower the fields to the farm on the hill,
And lingered impatient aside the auld birk,
Till she stole to my side like the dawn through the
mirk?

O! what wi' the bliss o' young love can compare!
In my journey through life I've ha'en joys less or
mair,
But neither afore nor sin syne hae I kent
Sic rapturous 'oors as thegither we spent.

'Though nigh thretty milestanes I've passed on life's
road

Sin' last there we pairtet, ilk pathway we trod
And ilk nook whaur we sat in my memory are green
As gin we had only traversed them yestreen;
And a licht that is shed not by sun nor by moon
Illumines the landscape and haloes it roon';
And it never shall fade while I treasure each thought,
And cherish the memories that cling round the spot.



Changed.

I wandered from the town yestreen
 To where the fields with spring are green,
 With Nature to commune awhile,
 And thoughts care-laden to beguile.

As through the bustling streets I strayed,
 Where groups of little children played,
 The air resounded with their glee ;
 'Twas morn with them, but night with me.

I thought "O ! children, in your dreams
 How fair and bright the future seems,
 Then, O ! be gladsome while ye may,
 For soon will come the cares of day."

Away where town and country meet,
 From garden lands came odours sweet,
 That wakened dormant memories gay,
 Of springtimes long since passed away.

On either hand the fields were bright
 With buttercups and daisies white ;
 The sight of them but dimmed my eyes,
 Recalling childhood's paradise.

I saw the blue-peak'd Sidlaws soar,
 Less lofty than they seem'd of yore,
 When, kissed by purple clouds of even,
 I thought them stairways into heaven.

I wandered down a piny glade,
 Where bird and brook sweet music made,

At sound of brook or song of bird
My heart no more with rapture stirred.

I sighed, and thought—"O! can it be
That Nature's lost all charm for me?
And scenes that held me once in thrall
Now only bygone joys recall?"

"The same old beauty lingers still
On piny grove and reedy rill;
But from my life the light has fled
That over all a glamour shed."

My Lost Sailor Lad.

My heart, aince sae licht, noo is heavy an' sad;
I parted in tears frae my dear sailor lad,
Frae my dear sailor laddie, wha lo'ed me sae weel,
Wi' his frank, manly turn, an' his heart kind an' leal.

We sat whaur wild roses bloom'd sweet i' th' vale,
Wi' my head on his bosom; he tauld his luvie tale,
And vowed while he kissed me his bride I should be,
When his ship would come back aince again frae th' sea.

Th' ship sailed awa' ower th' treacherous faem,
But, alas! nevermair will my laddie come hame;
His slumber is dreamless, his bed's cauld an' low,
Whaur th' broon seaweed waves an' th' black waters flow.

Noo dowie an' listless I mope by my lane,
There's naething can cheer me sin' Willie is gane;

I lo'ed him sae dearly, I ken frae my heart
His fond, cherished image will never depart.

I linger at e'en by the auld trystin' place,
But I hearna his footstep, nor see his dear face,
Though the wild roses bloom aince again on the tree,
Yet a'thing looks wan-like an' wintry to me.

And whiles when the gloamin' draps doon ower th'
tide,

I wistfully gaze on its waters sae wide,
An' brood ower my hopes, wi' my luve buried there,
Till my heart turns sick i' th' pangs o' despair.

I carena hoo sune a' were ended an' dune,
And I at my rest wi' th' green turf abune;
For then aince again my dear lad I micht see,
Sin' there's nae earthly dawn can restore him to me.

A Tribute.

And is it so, old friend, that thou art hid
For evermore away from mortal sight,
The grave mould heaped upon thy coffin lid,
Thy sun of life eclipsed by death's dark night?

Ah, yes! thy earthly mission is fulfilled,
Life's cares and turmoil now for thee are o'er;
The throbbing of thy genial heart is stilled,
Thy kindly voice is mute for evermore.

A husband tender, true, and kind wert thou;
A parent loved and honoured and revered;

A faithful friend, esteemed by all, and now
Thy memory to our hearts remains endeared.

The home thy présence rendered glad so long
Seems dull and cheerless now of thee bereft ;
Oh, thou art sorely missed and mourned among
The sorrow-stricken loved ones thou hast left.

Idly, to see thy well-known form, they look
Along the garden paths, where oft for hours
Thou'd pore upon the leaves of Nature's book,
Tending with careful touch thy fav'rite flowers.

The little birds with liberal hand thou'st fed ;
Their old familiar songs for thee in vain
Will warble in the budding boughs o'erhead,
While wond'ring thou comest not again.

Vainly thy faithful dog shall watch and wait,
With anxious, pleading look, and piteous moan,
To hear thy welcome footfall at the gate ;
He reckes not thou art lying cold and lone.

O, faithful friend ! O, husband, true and kind !
O, parent loved !—" Not dead, but gone before"—
Not long in grief shall we remain behind,
When we must join thee on the further shore.

Lily Ray.

Close beside a glassy brook,
Murmuring on with many a wimple ;

Sheltered a in cool, green nook,
 Stood a cottage plain and simple,
Now, alas ! gone to decay ;
Twas the home of Lily Ray.

There she lived, her parents' pride,
 Death of many had bereft them ;
All had faded from their side,
 Lily only God had left them ;
But a sweeter flower, I ween,
Or a purer, ne'er was seen.

She was gentle, she was fair,
 With her blue eyes mildly beaming
Full of love ; her golden hair
 Down her milk-white shoulders streaming
In long, graceful, wavy curls,
And her teeth twin rows of pearls.

And her cheeks were like the dawn
 Of a lovely summer morning ;
As she tripp'd by dale, or lawn,
 Scarce she touch'd the flowers adorning
The green sward ; while all the way
Sunshine followed Lily Ray.

Ah ! me, but my heart grows sad
 As on youthful days I ponder,
When with footsteps free and glad,
 'Midst the green wilds we would wander
Happy all the summer day,
Me, and blue-eyed Lily Ray.

A rain-water barrel, that stude by the gavle,
Ae dark nicht they tilted against the door face,
And then the bole winnock they peppered wi' gravel.
Till Mattie got up in a rage to gie chase.
She liftit the sneck, wi' a brattle like thunder,
The door it flew open, the barrel burst in,
And knockit puir Mattie as flat as a flounder,
Completely dumfoondered, and drenched to the
skin.

Auld Mattie, I've heard, frae a distant relation,
Had mairrit, when young, a chiel' strappin' an' fleet,
But the puir fellow deid o' sheer spite an' vexation
When he fand afore lang he was maistered complete.
But Mattie hersel', wi' Methoosalem ae winter,
While crossin' the Luggie, was sweepit awa',
And the jackdaw an' laddies that used to torment her.
Werè a' that lamentit auld Mattie M'Craw.

A Song of the Sunshine.

I brighten the homes of the poor and meek,
And the halls of the rich and proud ;
I bring the bloom to the pallid cheek,
And hope and strength to the worn and weak,
And joy to the healthy crowd.
When skies are leaden, and Nature looks
All cheerless, depressed and wan ;
When flowers droop sodden by swollen brooks,

And birds cower dumbly in sheltered nooks,
And sad is the heart of man :

I cleave my way through the rifted cloud,
And lo ! what a marvellous sight,
The earth folds swiftly its tear-wet shroud,
While Nature's voices are calling aloud
For joy at the welcome sight !

What though I cease for a little space
On some little spot to fall ;
Yet still somewhere on the world's round face
I cheer and gladden the human race—
I'm the germ and the life of all.

The Public Bar.

(AFTER MRS HEMANS.)

" I hear thee speak of a public bar,
Where liquids freely provided are ;
Chummy, oh, where is that welcome store
That I may seek it and thirst no more ?
Is it over the river in Newport town ?
At the sign of the 'Globe,' or the 'Rose and Crown,'"
" Not there, not there, my boy."

" Is it where the factory chimneys rise
To darken with smoke the surrounding skies
In the centre or suburbs of old Dundee
That the landlord dispenses his drinks so free ?

Oh, tell me, mate, for I long to fly
To a spot so blest, as I feel so dry."

"Not there, not there, my boy."

"Is it far away in some rustic vale
Where the verdant customers pay on the nail,
And the portly landlord, grown rich and old,
No longer covets the public's gold,
But pities the 'boozer' whose cash is scant,
Is it there, dear chummy, that much-felt want?"

"Not there, not there, my boy."

"I oft have seen it, my dear old boy,
And revelled at large in its mirth and joy ;
Have plunged to excess in its liquid stores,
Rolled *half-seas over* its sanded floors ;
You know where the bathing coaches stay,
Just a little beyond, at the *bar* of Tay,
It is there, it is there, old boy."

Mary, the Maid o' Dundee.

The dim purple shades o' the twilight are creepin'
In silence ower mountain, vale, muirland and rill ;
The gloamin' star doon frae the blue lift is keekin',
Th' yellow mune glowers ower yon heather-crooned
hill :
Its pale gowden glimmer is tingin' sae clearly
Th' Tay's ripplin' waves whaur they wed wi' the sea,
As joyfu' I haste tae meet ane I lo'e dearly—
My ain darlin' Mary—the Maid o' Dundee.

Th' bluebell and primrose, the green wilds adornin';
 Nae fairer or purer I trow are than she ;
 Her smiles are as blithe as the first beams o' mornin'—
 She's meek as the daisy that gems th' green lea.
 Her kind heart is true as the starns that are blinkin'
 Far up the wide welkin, dark blue as her e'e ;
 By nicht I'm aye dreamin', by day I'm aye thinkin'
 O' Mary, sweet Mary—the Maid o' Dundee.

O' a' earthly joys there are nane that sae dearly
 I prize as to meet, i' th' calm gloamin' hour,
 The bonnie wee lassie I lo'e sae sincerely,
 And rest 'neath th' shade o' some green leafy bower,
 For oh, then, what pleasure, oor tale o' love tellin'—
 Th' warld's wealth couldna sic happiness gie ;
 Oh brichtly the love-star will halo th' dwellin'
 O' me and dear Mary—the Maid o' Dundee.

The Weedow's Wooers.

Young Weedow M'Luckie leaved near to Dunkel',
 In a cot whaur a burnie sang clear through a dell,
 An' nae flooer in the simmer mair sweet than hersel'
 Its bonnie green banks was adornin'.
 Her gudeman, douce carle, had slippit awa'
 Sune efter the waddin', an' left her his a',
 A weel-plenished hoose, wi' a thoosan' or twa,
 Which helpit to soothe her while mournin'.
 But no muckle mair than a twalmont had gane,
 When the Weedow gat weary o' mopin' her lane ;

An' she said to hersel', " Losh, I'm dowie wi' nane

To dote on, and comfort, and cheer me.

Puir Archie, though auld, aye was couthie an' kind,

An' sin' noo to his loss I am maistly resigned,

'Od, I wish in my hairt I anither cud find

To lo'e me as fondly an' dearly.

" There's Lowrie the laird, wi' his siller an' land,

Declares that he worships the grun' whaur I stand,

An' he's promised, if only I'll gi'e him my hand,

To tak' a braw hoose in the city ;

While Mungo, the miller, a swank, buirdly chiel',

Confessed juist yestreen that he lo'ed me richt weel,

An' he swears that wi' drink he ' will gang to the deil'

If I dinna upon him tak' pity.

" Then ' Lennox o' Lochty ' comes stappin' inbye,

Sits him doon by the ingle, an' vows wi' a sigh,

I am mair in his heid than his sheep or his kye,

An' to wed me neist week he is willin'.

But a kind lad there is I like best o' them a',

Langsyne we were sweethearts, but drifted awa' ;

Sure a welcome richt kindly were his wad he ca',

Although that he's no worth a shillin'."

It happened ere lang, i' th' hush o' th' e'en,

That the weedow an' Patie the plooman were seen,

An' sae coylly they blushed as they linked ower the
green

That fu' sune in a waddin' it endit.

An' the Laird, he was neither to haud nor to bind,
An' the miller wi' sorrow he drank himsel' blind,
An' the farmer wi' grief was clean oot o' his mind,
An' the hale o' her frien's she offendit.

Jim's Weird.

You tell me Jim was your cousin. Poor fellow, I knew
him well—

With his nature, so frank and guileless ; we were chums
for a goodly spell.

Yes, I'll give you the pitiful story, and then you will
understand,

How it came that he perished of hunger in this so
called Christian land.

When first we became acquainted, he had come from
his home—away

In a beautiful Cumbrian valley ; and often I've heard
him say,

While we were sitting together, just here in this little
room,

“ Oh, Jack, how my poor heart hungers for a scent of
the heather bloom.”

He never at all took kindly to the town, with its
clamorous crowds,

And dingy abodes of squalor, and sky with its murky
clouds ;

And the rugged work of the shipyard he'd not been
accustomed to,
But he never complained nor murmured, though his
lines were hard I knew.

Yet I often thought while I watched him, with a far-
away look in his eyes,
That his restless spirit was roaming where the great
green hills arise ;
Like a prisoned lark he was pining for a breath of his
native air,
And a glimpse of the dear home valley, and the face
of a loved one there.

Spell-bound, I have sometimes listened, while his
features with fervour glowed,
As he pictured the marvellous beauties surrounding
his old abode—
The grandeur of purple mountain, the glory of lake
and stream,
In that fair and wonderful region, where the poets well
might dream.

For a passionate love for nature lay deep in the heart
of Jim—
Once I brought him a bunch of cowslips, and his eyes
with tears went dim,
As it stirred in his heart fond memories of woodland
and mossy nook
Where the cooing of cushats blended with the music
of bird and brook

But dull times came to the shipyard, and Jim, he was
paid away,
And he hadn't a purse, I reckon, laid up for a rainy
day.
Poor chap, like a lot, he'd been foolish at times o'er the
social cup,
Though he saw in the end through his folly, and
manfully steadied up.

He hunted for work, though vainly, for a couple of
months or more,
And, being only a lodger, why, he couldn't settle his
score ;
So he said, in despair, one evening, " Dear Jack, I am
sick at heart,
And I cannot endure this longer—to-morrow we'll
have to part."

Thus it came that we drifted asunder, though sorely
against my will,
But he wrote me a few weeks after, complaining that
he was ill ;
He spoke of the hunger and hardship endured on his
fruitless tramp,
And how he had slumbered in haystacks, or the
meadows so cold and damp.

He said he had struggled bravely, but his efforts were
all in vain,
And, as work was beyond all finding, he would try to
get home again—

Ah ! home, did I say ? Poor fellow, no home then
on earth had he,
But only the scenes familiar round the spot where it
used to be.

You have heard how a shepherd found him on a slope
of his cherished dale,
His kind heart stilled for ever, and a smile on his
features pale ;
So lonely, forsaken, and weary, bowed down with a
hopeless gloom,
He had sunk to his dreamless slumbers 'midst the
scent of the heather bloom.

Ay, "starved to death" was the verdict, and they
buried his worn-out shell
In the heart of the grand old mountains, in life he had
loved so well ;
But if love for God, through creation, with its creatures
great and small,
Will count at the final reck'ning, Jim has nothing to
fear at all.

May Morning at the Mains.

Waken, waken early, merry lads and lasses
Dew-drops fresh and pearly, gleam o'er all the grasses ;
Ere the twilight shadows brighten into day,
To the dewy meadows gaily haste away.
Fling aside all sadness, banish care and pain,
Sing a song of gladness—May has come again !

Leave the lanes and alleys of the sickly city,
 Hasten to the valleys, maidens young and pretty ;
 Flowers have now unfolden, beautiful to view,
 Their wee petals—golden, purple, pink, and blue.
 With a hey-down-derry, banish care and pain—
 Radiant, rosy, merry May has come again.

* * * * *

Sol, with saffron glory, paints the hills and plains :
 Now, beside the hoary Castle of the Mains,*
 Many a blushing maiden and bright lad are seen
 On the cool, dew-laden, flower-bespangled green ;
 Some are merrily dancing, others, blithe and gay,
 Sing with notes entrancing, welcoming sweet May,
 By the brooklet foaming down the rocky dell,
 Some are gladly roaming, loving tales to tell ;
 Others thoughtful tarry, lingering to behold
 Beauties blue and starry on the verdant wold ;
 Other groups are sitting in cool shady bowers,
 Pretty chaplets knitting with the sweet wild-flowers.

Now a maiden stealeth slyly out of sight,
 Blushing now she kneeleth 'mong the daisies white ;
 Now her fair complexion bathes she with the dew,
 To keep her colour rosy all the long year through ;
 Each and all are casting life's sad cares away—
 May their joys be lasting, and aye as sweet as May.

* A famous resort for young people on May morning.

Ichabod.

In pity, Spring so tenderly is strewing
Her floral tributes over winter's grave ;
But mirthful sounds are in the brooklets flowing,
And song abounds where budding branches wave.

But to my life there come no quickening showers,
Reviving buried hopes, and vanished dreams,
Revealed to me in youth's enchanted hours,
Roaming in springtide days by woodland streams.

Youth long ago has fled, its glow and glamour
Colour my dreams no more, but in their place
Grey shadows gloom ; I look with vision calmer
Of sober reason on fair Nature's face.

Unclouded skies may light Spring's floral bowers,
Refulgent sunshine gild the tranquil sea ;
Less blue and fair they seem, sea, sky and flowers,
The light that made them bright is dimm'd in me.

An August Sunset.

The west wind, balmy and sweet is hushed,
The wavelets have rocked themselves to rest,
The ambient ether is rosily flushed
Where Sol hangs over the mountain crest.

Far through the limitless azure dome,
The fleecy cloudlets are drifting slowly,

Like white-robed messengers flying home
To God, from man, on a mission holy.

Warmly the joyous sunlight streams
Along the vale in an amber flow,
Grandly the yellowing grain-field gleams,
Redly the sombre woodlands glow.

Blue and tranquil the lone mere lies
Asleep in its radiantly-rosy tide,
Mirroring clearly the sapphire skies,
And the great green hills on the further side.

But the day-god's parting smiles anoint
With glory the far seen hills, that kiss
The gold-rimmed clouds, while to me they point
To a purer and holier home than this.

Now Sol hath sunk in his fiery car,
The sunset glories have waxen pale,
The lone mere mirrors a new born star,
And over all floats a dusky veil.

Morning.

I love from the town to ramble
At the dawn of a summer morn,
By the clover meadows and hedgerows,
And the long, green, dewy corn ;

When the lark from its nest is springing,
With a joyous burst of song,

Ere the sons of labour have wakened
To the cares that to life belong.

When the silent pale night watchers,
Afar in the azure deep,
Their eyelids wearily winking,
In God's arms fall asleep :

When the dew-wet wayside flowers
Ope their tender petals wide,
To the day-king grandly rising,
Far over the restless tide.

O ! then, what marvellous changes,
O'er the features of Nature play,
From the first red streak of the dawning,
To the full, clear light of day.

I think while I gaze on the landscape,
With its glory and music and mirth,
Of the bliss for the just hereafter,
If heaven be fairer than earth.

An Elegy.

Again night's sombre shadows flit
So solemnly and still around,
While tearfully and sad I sit
Beside the grassy mound

Where in the quiet dreamless rest,
Dear Lucy, thou art lying low,

And where above thy silent breast
The summer flow'rs now blow.

The night-winds dirge-like moanings make,
Amongst the cypress leaves and grass ;
Alas ! they cannot thee awake,
Though o'er thy grave they pass.

A blackbird lone sits piping near
Upon the ivied churchyard wall ;
Its mellow notes upon thine ear
In mournful silence fall.

O ! can it be, love, thou art hid
All motionless, and pale, and cold,
In darkness 'neath the coffin lid,
Low in the dank red mould.

And will I see thy form divine
No more on earth, nor hear thee speak,
Nor press thy throbbing heart to mine,
And kiss thy warm soft cheek ?

I pause to listen, but in vain,
To me thou answerest not a word ;
Ah, no ! thy low sweet voice again
On earth will ne'er be heard.

Thy kindly heart is still, thine eyes
Mild tender light no more will shine ;
Yes, thou art dead, and joy hast fled
This weary heart of mine.

But though thy voice I cannot hear,
Nor yet thine angel form can see,
I deem in spirit thou art near,
In sympathy with me.

Roon' the Harbour.

In the spring an' autumn time,
An' the simmer's mellow prime,
Nae maitter, wind or weet, the weather scornin'
I wauken wi' the lark,
An' I daunder to my wark
Roon' the harbour, by the river, in the mornin'.

An' I gaze across the tide
To the hills on yonder side,
An' I see the fields whaur langsyne I hae shorn in,
But a mist comes ower my een
When I think o' what has been
Sin' I wandered by the river in life's mornin'.

An' I sometimes sit an' dream—
While the seamaws wheel an' scream—
O' the joys and hopes o' youth nae mair returnin';
When a wee bare-fittet lad
I wad linger wi' my gaud
Catchin' poddlies roon' the harbour in the mornin'.

When the river lies asleep
In a silence, saft an' deep,
An' the sun the hills o' Fife wi' gold's adornin',

ROON' THE HERBER.

Or the waves like siller glance
Whaur the fisher boaties dance,
O ! it's bonnie roon' the harbour in the mornin'.

There's no ower a' th' earth,
I am sure, a brawer firth
Than the Tay, aside the toon whaur I was born in.
Far wandered hae I been
And nane fairer hae I seen,
But it's bonniest when the sun glints in the mornin'.

My New Hame.

Near whaur the coaly Tyne joins wi' the sea,
In a canty wee hoose dwelt my wifie an' me,
As cosy and snug as twa birds in a nest ;
But noo we hae flittet awa' to the west.

Awa' to the west 'mang the Cumberland fells,
Whaur caller the wind blaws and sweetly it smells,
An' smokeless the sunlicht fu' bonnilie gleams
On blue mountain tarns an' clear rushin' streams.

O, here in its beauty an' freshness I see
Dame Nature's sweet face smilin' saftly on me ;
In green, fertile valleys, besprinkled wi' trees
That murmur and wave in the heath-laden breeze.

And tall piny woods, wi' their dark wavin' plumes ;
While shadow in silence and solitude glooms
In cool mossy nooks, deep in green sylvan dells,
While far aboon a' tower the dark, heathy fells,

On Eden's fair banks in the still gloamin' fa,
 I pensively saunter, and fondly reca'
 The memories dear o' the joys that langsyne
 I shared wi' auld frien's on the banks o' the Tyne.

Hoo aften I gaze ower the valley sae wide
 To the bonnie green hills o' my ain kintra side ;
 Even then tho' my bosom wi' fond rapture thrills,
 I sigh for a glimpse o' the Tyne ballast hills.

Yet still in sweet dreams in the hush o' th' nicht
 The scenes sae familiar arise on my sicht ;
 Then gaily I wander aince mair by the mill,
 Up through the green valley to fair Primrose Hill.

Though here I'm contented and neebors are kind,
 I ever will cherish the frien's left behind,
 And wherever I roam, or whate'er may betide,
 My heart will aye warm to the canny Tyneside.

An Espistle to my Absent Wife.

We were living in Cumberland, and when my better half was about to depart on a prolonged visit to the dear homeland, her last words to me were—"Noo, Dave, whatever you do durin' the time I'm awa', be sure and no tak' ower muckle beer."

I am very lonely and dull to-day,
 For Janet, dear, you are far away,
 There's little comfort at home for me
 Since ever you went to your ain countree ;
 To me you were always so kind, when near,
 And seldom refused me a pint of beer.

To-day though the sky is blue and bright,
And the air is filled with a warm, clear light,
And the birds are singing on bush and tree,
They bring no comfort at all to me,
All things so dismal to me appear,
Because I am thirsty and can't get beer.

Ah, Janet, since ever you went away,
My thoughts have followed you night and day,
And oft o'er the mountains I gaze afar
To that beautiful land where my love you are,
And I would I were near you, with all my heart,
Because I am sure you would stand a quart.

How I miss your features, so sweet and fair,
And the dusky gleam of your silken hair ;
How I miss the sound of your low, soft voice,
Whose loving tones made my heart rejoice
As you whispered in accents mild and clear,
Now, Dave, could you do with a pint of beer.

But more than all, O ! my love, I miss
Your sunny smile and your welcome kiss,
And your winning ways, and your actions kind,
Daily and hourly I call to mind,
But still I confess that my thoughts will land
On the frequent pints that you used to stand.

Ah ! will you believe me, my darling wife,
That never an hour in my weary life
Goes over my head, but my thoughts fly north
To the busy shores of the wide blue Forth ?

And in fancy, dearest, I hear you say,
"I wonder could Dave take a pint to-day."

At the eventide when the shadows fall
Do you ever give me a thought at all?
In the lonesome night when the starlight gleams,
Am I ever beside you in your dreams?
Do the days seem dull, or the nights look drear,
Thinking perhaps I am on the beer?

I do not know what your thoughts may be,
Or whether, or not, you may dream of me;
But this I know, that while life shall last,
The memories sweet of your kindness past,
Shall never fade from my grateful heart,
As long as you're willing to stand a quart.

A Father's Lament for his Bairn.

Oor dear wee lammie's gane,
She's sleepin' calm an' soun',
Aneath the cauld gravestane,
Whaur we hae laid her doon.
An' O! my hert is sair
To think that I will see
Her face on earth nae mair,
That face sae dear to me.

I miss her nicht and morn,
I miss her through the day;
I'm lanely an' forlorn,
Alas! as weel I may.

I think on a' her wiles,
Sae pawky an' sae sly,
Her cheery voice an' smiles ;
And while I think I sigh.

Ah, yes ! I sadly sigh
To think nae mair she'll rin
To welcome me, when I
At meal hours do come in.
Nor climb my elbow chair,
Upon my knee to steal,
Alang wi' me to share
The hamely frugal meal.

I whiles forget, an' look
For her, the hoose ower a',
For I can scarcely brook
The thocht that she's awa' ;
The thocht that she lies still
Rowed in her wee white shroud,
The grave mould, damp and chill,
Upon her locks o' gowd.

'Tis sinful to repine ;
It was oor Father's will
That we oor bairn should tine
But O, I tak' it ill ;
Yet a'e thocht cheers my soul
Like a lane star sae bricht,
Gleamin' through clouds that roll
Black ower the face o' nicht ;

The thocht that though her form
Lies cauld aneath the sod,
Food for the hungry worm,
Her soul is safe wi' God,
Far on the shores o' bliss,
Many angels pure an' fair,
An' maybe after this
We'll meet oor lammie there.

Sweet Dreams of Home.

Neath a still and starry sky
Bounds our good ship o'er the foam ;
Lonely on the deck I lie,
Far, far from home.
Musing on life's toils and woes,
Wearily my eyelids close ;
Now I sink in calm repose,
Dreaming of home.

Once again I gladly stray
By the calm pellucid Tay,
Where I spent youth's joyous day,
Dear native home.
Rise before me heath-clad hills,
Briary dells and crystal rills ;
O, my soul with rapture fills,
Dreaming of home.

Many years I've passed since then,
Sailing o'er life's trackless foam,
But youth's joys come back again,
Dreaming of home.
Rosy visions, blissful dreams,
O ! ye come like golden gleams,
Lighting life's dark troubled streams,
Sweet dreams of home !

Wee Richie, the Mill Laddie.

The snaw-flakes frae the wintry cluds
Fa' heavily an' chill,
As puir wee Richie, scant o' duds,
Gangs trudgin' frae the mill ;
Wi' bitter grief his hert is rent,
The tears rin doon his cheek ;
For some sma' faut the loon's been sent
Anither job to seek.
He's fearin' hame tae gang, but, ah !
Nae hame, nor frien's, has he ;
His mither sleeps aneath the snaw,
His faither in th' sea ;
His twa wee brithers, Tam and Jock,
Lie cauld wi' sister Nell,
An' noo he bides 'mang stranger folk,
An orphan by himsel'.

O, wearily through ilka street
He daunders up an' doon
Amang the bitter, blindin' sleet
That's driftin' a' aroun'.

His hackit feet, sae cauld an' weet,
Waes me ! the orphan loon,
Withoot a hame, withoot a frien',
In a' the big mill toon.

But noo 'tis late, an' quenched the licht
Which did the lang streets fill ;
He wonders whaur he'll pass the nicht,
The nicht sae mirk an' chill.

Into an eerie close he creeps,
An' on a darksome stair
He sits him doon, the puir wee loon,
His hert is unco sair.

And on his knees to God abune
He breathes a simple prayer
He learned in happy days bygane
Under a mither's care.

He lays him doon cauld an' forlorn,
But sleeps nae lang nor soun' ;
He's up an' aff at early morn
The mills to gang the roun'.

Three weary days he tramps aboot
An' pleads for wark in vain ;
Three langsome nights he sleeps thereoot,
His wee limbs rack'd in pain.

There's ne'er a bite has crossed his mou',
To beg or steal he'd scorn ;
For actions honest, just an' true
The laddie's life adorn.

The gloamin' o' the third lang day
To dark has deepened doon,
While dreamily his dreary way
He seeks about the toon.

His looks sae wae, an' cheeks sae pale,
Whaur roses aince did dwell,
Silent bespeak the mournfu' tale,
His tongue it winna tell.

Mair wild an' lustrous grows the licht
That's glintin' in his een,
Juist like twa starnies blinkin' bricht
Far in the blue serene.

A numb an' weary faintness steals
Ower a' the laddie's frame,
He glances up to heaven an' feels
A langin' to be hame.

* * * * *

The factory toon is hush'd aince mair
In slumbers still and deep ;
Again upon a cauld, damp stair
He's shiv'rin' gane to sleep.

In dreams his sainted mither's voice
Fa's sweetly on his ear,
It tells him o' calm heavenly joys,
An' whispers they are near.

His lane, sad heart o' grief an' pain
Is freed for evermair,
While comes a saft an' joyous strain
O' music through the air.

A vision bricht bursts on his sicht,
The wintry cluds are riven,
An' clad in robes o' silv'ry licht
The angels come frae heaven.

They bear his spirit hame to dwell
Whaur tears the een ne'er dim ;
The clinkin' o' the lood mill bell
Nae mair will wauken him.

The Song of Horand.*

The wassail was drunk in the red wine old,
When Horand called for his harp of gold ;
His fingers over the strings he swept,
Awakening tones that for years had slept,
And bowl and beaker aside were pushed,
And jest and song and laugh were hushed,
And the hall grew still as a night of snow,
And men and women their heads bent low,
While he sang in a voice so soft and sad
Of the " Death of the Flowers," a song he had
Made while he yet was a beardless lad,
Which pleased the maidens beyond all measure,
So that they wept for very pleasure.

* Adapted from a translation of the Norwegian story " Gudrun."

Anon he upraised his voice in glee,
And warbled the old "Lay of Amillee,"
And so sweetly delightful was the strain
That the old who listened felt young again,
And seemed to smell the fragrant flowers,
And hear the song-birds in the bowers,
While the gladness of days forgotten long,
Swelled up in their hearts with the minstrel's song.

For it told of all pleasant and lovely things—
In the dawning summer, when verdure springs,
And sunshine lies on the larch-clad hills
And goldenly gleams on the foam-fleck'd rills;
And flow'rs all the desert heath perfume,
And roses at Campatilla bloom,
When swallows to far-north climes are called,
And nightingales sing in the Westerwald.

It told of shallops with sails snow-white,
Faring on waters than heaven more bright,
And of love that with old age ne'er decays,
And the sharp, sweet sorrows of wooing days.
It told of the joys of the perilous chase,
In the mellow glory of Autumn days,
When the yellow leaves fall crisp and sere,
And the woods resound with the gladsome cheer,
And the merry notes of the bugle horn,
Through all the hours from early morn.

But suddenly his voice grew bold,
While he sang of the fights, and the feuds of old,

Of the desperate conflicts, hand to hand,
On the desolate shore of the Wulpensand ;
Of the battles at Waleis and Balyan—
Till the stern, brave warrior knights began
To clench their fists and knit their brows,
While the lion within their hearts would rouse.

Then he sang of the sea, how again and again
They had fought 'gainst the angry northern main,
And had borne the brunt of the tempest's might
Through many a long, dark starless night ;
And had 'scaped the whirling maelstrom, tossed
By the wild and rugged Norwegian coast ;
And had seen the sun at the night's pale noon,
O'er Thule's cliffs, red as the rising moon.

Then bating his voice, in a mournful strain
He sang of the brave and the noble slain,
Who had died in defence of the fatherland,
And peacefully slept on the Wulpensand.
But his voice grew softer, and sweeter his song,
While he told how fair times pass along,
And beauty and pleasure with them fly ;
How winter snow in the hair doth lie,
When the last still haven draweth nigh.

Then he sang of scenes and joys sublime
And holy, beyond the grave and time,
Till teardrops glistened on each fair cheek,
And the stern, brave hearts of the men grew weak ;
But they were not sad, good sooth, not they,
While list'ning to Horand's tender song,

They were as glad as if far away
On the heavenly shore with the angel throng.

When Horand ended his song, he bade
His page take the harp upon which he had played,
And cast it into the North Sea main,
For never more would he sing again.

Bonnie Almondside.

Through Perthshire valleys to the sea
Flow countless lovely streams,
But none among them all to me
So fair and pleasant seems
As Almond dear, so cool and clear
Its waters swirl and glide ;
To me there's not so sweet a spot
As bonnie Almondside.

For there I spent life's early hours
In innocence and joy,
And played among the leafy bowers,
A happy careless boy :
A youth love-dreaming I have strayed,
And wooed and won my bride,
Among thy shades and leafy glades,
Dear bonnie Almondside.

In idle hours I wander oft
With rod in hand to lure

The silvery trout, so shy, from out
Thy pools and shallows pure.
Oh ! then what rapture thrills my heart,
How swift the moments glide,
By sylvan dell and heathy fell,
On bonnie Almondside.

Since youth what changes I have seen,
And cares have come to me !
But still, dear stream, my thoughts have been
The same through all to thee.
And when life's weary task is o'er
May death not us divide,
O ! let me sleep, I ask no more,
Dear Almond, by thy side.

The Sister's Dream.

I'm very sad and lonely, mother,
Watching day by day ;
Oh ! tell me why my darling brother
Stays so long away ?

The summer's fled, the flowerets gay
Have died on hill and plain,
And not a garland woven ; say,
When will he come again ?

I've waited, watched, and wearied through
The cold, dark, wintry hours ;
By brook and glade alone I've strayed
To cull the wild spring flowers.

I've chased the bee o'er hill and lea,
When summer days were long,
And in the yellow harvest fields
I've heard the reaper's song.

Yet still he comes not ; oh, how drear
And sad the long hours seem !
But I will tell thee, mother dear,
A strange but lovely dream.

To-day beside the purlling brook
Down in the dusky dell,
I ran about, till wearied out
At last asleep I fell :

And then methought from heaven came down
An angel all in white,
Upon its head a golden crown
Magnificently bright.

The angel smiled and beckoned me,
And far away we flew,
By silvery clouds amidst a sea
Of calm and shining blue.

Until we reached a distant star,
That dazzled with its light,
Though small and pale it looked afar ;
And what a glorious sight

My vision met ! for there I saw,
In snowy raiment clad,
My brother dear ; but then, mamma
I woke alone, and sad.

Calm thy young sorrows, darling sweet,
Thy brother's all are o'er ;
Pray God to guide thee, and thou'lt meet
Him on that heavenly shore ;
And white-winged seraphs' songs will give
Thee joyful welcoming,
Where flowers of love immortal live
Through one eternal spring.

The Dying Wife to her Husband.

Oh, Sandy, press thy cheek to mine,
But dinna grieve sae sair,
And kiss the lips thou sune wilt tine.
On earth for evermair ;
The lips sae aften pressed to thine
In ecstasy o' joy divine
Sin' we forgaither'd lang, lang syne,
Twa young herts free o' care.

Oh, Sandy, can it be that noo
Oor twa young herts maun part ?
Oor wedded days hae been sae few,
Sae dear to me thou art.
Alas ! it maun be sae ; the dew
O' death lies clammy on my broo,
My lips hae lost their rosy hue,
They're cauld an' wan an' moistless noo,
A chill is ower my hert.

My een, whaur glinted aince the licht
O' love, juist like a star
That glints sae bonnily an' bricht
In the blue lift afar,
Grow dim as stars 'mid cluds o' nicht,
Or violets nipt by Aprìl blicht,
Forever on my weary sicht
Earth's glories faded are.

The wee birds in the dark green wuds
Noo sing in vain for me,
The simmer's flush o' blooms an' buds
That deck the grassy lea,
The blue hills, and the pearly cluds,
The sunset's gowden glory floods,
The glitterin' starry host that studs
The heavens, nae mair I'll see.

My thoughts gang back to lang past days
When we, twa gleesome bairns,
Sported whaur blythe the burnie plays
Amang the rocks an' ferns ;
And clamb the broom an' whin-clad braes,
Or roamed far in the tangled maze
O' rustlin' wuds, while birds sang lays,
Love's alphabet to learn's.

But love, O, dinna grieve sae sair !
It only gie's me pain ;
Thy heavy sorrow seek to bear
Wi' strength no' a' thine ain.

Oor dear wee lammie lyin' there,
A mither an' a faither's care
Will claim frae thee, when I nae mair
Can watch the helpless wean.

I'm laith, my love, to pairt frae thee,—
But 'tis oor Faither's will,—
Thou'st been sae kind an' true to me
While climbin' life's steep hill.
But thou wilt come sometimes an' see
My grave, an' kindly think o' me ;
Then, Sandy, fare thee well, till we
Do meet in heaven, fareweel !

Children at Play.

Down the far west with gorgeous colours glowing,
Sinks the red sun all splendid and serene,
The dreamy river seaward calmly flowing
Is gilded over with an amber sheen.

In green and golden lines the fields lie smiling,
All lustrous gleam the brown hills far away ;
While dreamily an idle hour beguiling,
I watch a group of little children play.

Down in the hollow of a daisied meadow,
Where stands a solitary tall elm tree,
There, underneath its friendly cool green shadow,
Gambol and romp the younglings full of glee.

Circling its trunk, huge, ivy-grown and hoary,
Hand joined in hand all merrily round they go ;
Wee golden heads glint in the sunset glory,
Kissed by the wide-spread branches bending low.

The music of their clear, sweet voices ringing
Through the calm evening hush, to me appears
An old familiar melody, back bringing
Dear memories of childhood's happy years.

And like a dream, a musing deep comes o'er me,
Back a long lapse of years my fancies roam
To youth's flower-budding season, when before me
The world lay fair, as heaven's cerulean dome.

Long-slumbering thoughts within my soul are wakened,
Long-vanished hallowed scenes and forms, whose
places
Long in the dear home circle have been vacant,
Through the dim, misty past my mind's eye traces.

Then oh, rejoice, be glad, ye little children,
While the sweet morning of your lives doth last !
For soon will come the day with cares bewild'ring,
When ye shall sigh o'er childhood's pleasures past.

The Face at the Nursery Window.

Away where the big town mingles
With fields and garden lands,
Near to the dusty roadway
A neat wee cottage stands ;

And in that neat wee cottage
Once dwelt a maiden fair,
With rounded cheeks rose-tinted,
And long dark glossy hair.

And lips like the sweet geranium,
And hazel-brown bright eyes,
And so comely, you might have thought her
An angel in disguise.

I passed this cottage daily,
And I oftentimes would see
Her sitting beside the window
Of the little nursery,

With a group of dear wee children
All playing round her knee,
And this charming brown-eyed maiden
Would sweetly smile to me.

Her loving smile brought sunshine
To my lonely weary heart,
And banished awhile the sorrows
That form of life a part.

I felt quite melancholy
While passing up or down,
If I did not see at the window
Those eyes of hazel-brown.

I grew to love that maiden,
Yes, more than tongue can tell ;
And I thought by her smiles and blushes,
That she loved me as well.

But time, alas ! brings changes ;
One day I missed her face,
And there sat by the nursery window
Another in her place.

It seemed as if a shadow
All darkly round me fell,
A shadow which the sunshine,
Alas ! could not dispel.

And still it hovers round me
The weary night and day,
And only the light of her presence
Can chase the gloom away.

Now up and down I wander,
But I look in vain to see
The dear familiar sweet face
That used to smile on me.

Yet I often look to the window,
Though the face I may not find,
For it mirrors back its image
That's fixed upon my mind.

From Spring to Winter.

In the gladsome hours of the sweet springtime
We met, I remember, my love and I,
Under the shade of a blossoming lime,
Under the blue of a cloudless sky.

I touched her hand, and my being thrilled
With a new desire and a strange delight,
While the flow'r-deck'd meadows and emerald hills
Had never before seemed half so bright.

We wandered together, my love and I,
Through leafy lanes, in the summer hours ;
The birds sang sweet in each green retreat,
The bees were humming among the flowers.
But I do not think that the bees or the birds
Were half so glad as my love and I,
When I asked her a question in love-born words,
And "yes" was the tremulous low reply.

In the golden prime of the Autumn time,
With sunshine flushing the earth and sky,
My life was crowned with a joy sublime,
We stood at the altar, my love and I.
I watched so proudly the love-light shine
For me in her eyes, like a star in heaven,
And I thought that surely a bliss like mine
Was never before to a mortal given.

The snow lay white on the wintry wold ;
I stood alone by a grassy mound,
Where slumbered my darling, so pale and cold—
O sorrowful hour ! O grief profound !
No matter how clearly the sun shines now,
The earth and the sky look cold and grey ;
For love's soft light, that made all things bright,
Is quenched with my hopes, in the grave away.

On the Road.

The dreary day to an end has come,
And my fruitless errand is o'er,
While tired I sit in my little room
With heart so heavy and sore.
Full twenty miles I have tramp'd to-day,
By moorland and fertile plain,
'Tis a heartless business at best, I'll say,
This looking for work in vain.

On the fair green meadows the sunlight gleamed
Where the fresh May flow'rs were abloom ;
But I on the smiling landscape seemed
To gaze through a sombre gloom.
A lark in the blue sky merrily trilled
A gladsome and joyous strain ;
But it only with sadness my bosom filled
While looking for work in vain.

By mill, and foundry, and shipyard gate,
So patiently, long I'd stand,
When told in a cold, sharp voice to wait,
That the foreman wasn't at hand.
But when he came, it was still the same
Old tale, "you may call again,"
But I knew full well, if the truth they'd tell,
That my calling was all in vain.

Thus day by day at some post I'm found
With anxious and wistful face,
I have travelled the same dull, weary round
Till hope to despair gives place.

'Tis hard to be willing, yea, eager to toil,
Yet plead for that toil in vain ;
Ah, well, though the world looks dark the while,
The sunshine will come again.

Janet Shand.

Whaur windin' Lochty wimples doon
To mingle wi' the Leven clear,
And drumlie Oer a drowsy tune
Hums to its castle ruins drear
There blooms as fair a floer, I trew,
As e'er by lover's een was scann'd,
Eclipsed by nane, and matched by few,
Is dear kind-hearted Janet Shand.

Her velvet cheeks wear vermeil tints,
Dark broon her silken hair and een,
Wine-red her dewy lips, while glint
Twin raws o' ivory teeth atween.
But a' her ootward charms combined
My hert could never hae trepann'd,
If inward beauty o' th' mind,
Had graced nae gentle Janet Shand.

Lang pairted though we havena' been
I feel as lanesome, dull and wae,
As if her face I hadna' seen
For mony a lang and weary day.

To her by day my fancy turns,
 By nicht I dream that hand in hand
 'Mang flooery braes, by crystal burns,
 I gaily roam wi' Janet Shand.

Speed on ! ye langsome 'oors, and bring
 That joyfu' day, when to my hert
 I'll fauld her 'neath love's downy wing,
 Nae mair on earth till death to pairt.
 If wantin' her, though routh o' gear
 Were mine, wi' flunkies at command,
 I'd gladly yield them a' to share
 Could puitrith's cup wi' Janet Shand.

Rest, Soldier.

'Neath the sultry skies of a distant clime,
 Struck down in the strength of his manhood's prime,
 He lingered in pain, which he meekly bore,
 Till they brought him back to old England's shore.

But never, unless in his dying dreams,—
 He saw his kindred, or native streams,
 Nör a dark-eyed maiden, that dreamt of him
 By the trysting tree in the twilight dim.

For him the order to march had come,
 But not to the sound of the fife or drum;
 With the farewell clasp of a comrade's hand,
 He journeyed into the silent land.

He sleeps, unheeding the bugle's call—
 Where soft and gently the night dews fall

On a grassy mound by the channel shore,
While loved ones sadly his fate deplore.

Rest, soldier, rest, from the toil and pain
Of life's weary march, thou shalt meet again--
"When the morning breaks, and the shadows flee"--
The friends that watch now in vain for thee.

May Glendinning.

On the slopes of Derwent, in the summer hours,
Wild flowers sweetly blossom in the woodland bowers ;
But not in woodland bower, nor yet on meadow green,
Than bonnie May Glendinning, a sweeter flower is seen.

Bonnie May Glendinning, scarcely three years old,
Eyes like dewy violets, hair like sunset's gold ;
Cheeks like rose and lily, pearly teeth, and lips,
Just mind me of a daisy with its crimson tips.

Bonnie May Glendinning, you have won my heart
With your ways so winning—void of guile or art ;
Happy as a song bird, flitting here and there—
Like a sunbeam shedding gladness everywhere.

Bonnie May Glendinning, wise beyond belief,
May your wondrous wisdom bode not early grief ;
But your childish prattle back to memory brings
A voice, on earth long silent, that with the angels sings.

Mother's joy and comfort, father's hope and pride—
O'er life's troubled ocean, safely may you glide ;
May your budding promise with the coming years
Blossom into fruitage, watered by few tears.

The Dear Old Land.

An exile on a foreign strand,
Forlorn and sad I stray,
While dreaning of my fatherland,
Full many a league away.
I muse on joys for ever fled,
And friends I fondly cherish,
And sunny memories that ne'er
Within my heart shall perish.

The dear old land, the brave old land,
The land of lake and river,
Where'er I be, dear home, to thee
My thoughts are turning ever.

Though vine-clad hills around me rise,
And fertile valley smile
'Neath balmy, blue, unclouded skies,
They never can beguile
My thoughts from Scotia's rocky glens,
Her mountains grand and hoary,
Her solitudes, and streams, and woods,
Renowned in song and story,
The dear, old land, &c.

Though fortune here has on me smiled,
Yet still I sigh and pine
For pleasures wealth can never yield,
And joys that once were mine—
The joys of childhood's sunny hours,
And youth's fond dreams, love laden,
While roaming in the birken bowers,
With my sweet dark-eyed maiden.
The dear old land, &c.

How oft I gaze with wistful eyes,
Across the trackless foam,
Until I see in fancy rise,
The dear blue hills of home ;
In spirit then I stray again,
Beside the Tay's clear river ;
My native home, where'er I roam,
Forget thee I can never.
The dear old land, the brave old land,
The land of lake and river,
Where'er I be, dear home, to thee
My thoughts are turning ever.

Parted.

Serenely calm the summer moon is shining
Over the tranquil bosom of the Tay ;
While lonely by the window I'm reclining,
Thinking of you, dear Janet, far away.

With wistful, longing eyes, I gaze far over
The dusky woods, and grey green hills of Fife,
And long I strive, though vainly, to discover
The well-known hill near where you are, dear wife.

That hallow'd hill which we, in days of wooing,
Have climb'd with lightsome steps, and hearts all glee,
Where the birds' warbling or the the cushats' cooing,
Were not more glad or free from care than we.

Though far away, my thoughts are ever winging
Their silent flight to the dear red-roof'd cot,
Round which so many memories are clinging,
Of sunny hours that ne'er can be forgot.

And oft with fancy's eye I see you sitting
With kind old mother on the daisied green,
Sewing so busily, or deftly knitting,
While o'er the soft grass scrambles baby "Teen."

The dear wee prattling cherub, how I miss her,
With her old-fashioned ways and ringing laughter,
And loud "ta ta's"; for me be sure and kiss her
A hundred times. I will repay you after.

The holidays are nigh; and oh, what gladness
To be relieved from my appointed duties,
And leave the smoky town, its sin and sadness,
To rusticate with Nature and her beauties.

I'm doubly joyful in anticipation
Of the short respite from my toil; for then,
As well as taste the sweets of recreation,
I'll see dear baby's face and yours again.

Gloaming.

The god of Day
Hath sunk away
Behind the far-seen hills ;
The air is calm
As a breath of balm,
The wide expanse that fills.

The rosy blush
And the saffron flush
The pearly clouds that fringed,
Grow dim and pale,
While the emerald vale
With gold no more is tinged.

Like a purple pall
All gloomily fall
The shadows of eventide ;
The song of the bird
No more is heard
Re-echoing far and wide.

The children that played
In the lime-trees' shade
On the village green, at the call
Of their mothers, have hied
To their homes beside :
Deep silence reigns o'er all.

Like a fairy canoe,
Down the calm clear blue
Of the western heavens afar,

The Night's pale Queen
Is sailing serene,
With the sweet-faced gloaming star.

Like angel eyes
From the sapphire skies
The God-lit lamps peer dim,
Whilst the planets march
Through the measureless arch
All chanting Creation's hymn ;

And the star-kiss'd hills,
And the woods and rills,
With the solemn chorus ring :
All, all proclaim
The glory, and name,
And might, of Eternity's King.

Lily Bell.

Secluded in a sylvan spot
O' Airlie's bonnie den,
There is th' sweetest, cosiest cot,
And fairest lass I ken.
And, O ! I love that lassie mair
Than words o' mine can tell—
She's artless, winsome, pure and fair,
My bonnie Lily Bell.

Madonna-like her features are,
Fu' charmin' is her mien,

Th' luve-licht, like a tremblin' star,
Glints in her dark blue een.
Her lips ootvie the ruby coral,
Her cheek the pink sea-shell,
Her teeth mair white than ony pearl—
My bonnie Lily Bell.

Her hair is like the fleecy cluds
Th' settin' sun shines through,
Her voice as merles in th' wuds,
When fa's th' e'enin' dew.
Her breath is sweet as June winds saft,
Blawn through th' hawthorn dell,
Whaur in th' dewy gloamin' aft
I tryst dear Lily Bell.

Alang wi' her life's cares gie place
To rosy, blissfu' dreams ;
An' while I gaze in her sweet face
A paradise earth seems.
We've pledg'd oor vows, should fate decree
Oor cherished hopes to quell,
A weary weird were mine to dree,
My bonnie Lily Bell.

Kate o' Levenvale.

Alang th' west th' sunset's gold
Is melting into sober grey ;
Th' flo'ers their dewy petals fold,
The merle chants his vesper lay.

Atower the Lomonds, still and steep,
Th' star o' love is glintin' pale,
As glad I haste, my tryst to keep
Wi' Kate, the pride o' Levenvale.

Though but a lowly rustic maid,
Not fashion's dames wi' her can vie,
For nature has her form arrayed
In charms which art can ne'er supply.
Her modest mien and artless airs,
To please my fancy never fail ;
My heart's beguiled frae a' its cares,
Alang wi' Kate o' Levenvale.

My breist wi' fond emotion heaves,
A foretaste o' the bliss in store,
When we beneath th' tremblin' leaves
Shall rest by Leven's sylvan shore.
Wi' hert to hert, and cheek to cheek,
Aince mair I'll breathe love's tender tale,
In words my soul, not lips, shall speak
To Kate, the pride o' Levenvale.

In life, though humble is my lot,
Nor prince, nor peer, more blest than I ;
Their wealth and lands I envy not,
Wi' Kate to love and cheer me nigh.
Of earthly bliss I ask no more
Than o'er life's troubled sea to sail,
My pilot to the unseen shore
Dear Kate, the pride o' Levenvale.

Sundered.

The mournful call which knoweth no denying
Hath summoned thee, my soul's sweet idol, home ;
Now chill, and pale, and motionless thou'rt lying,
Darkling amidst the cold, red, wormy loam.

Like a spring-flower—the ambient air perfuming,
Its petals opening to the summer sun—
Blighted in thy sweet beauty's richest blooming,
Ere thy life's summer hours had well begun.

Where now the golden, blissful dreams I cherished,
Of long, bright, joyous days when thou wert near ?
All, all are faded—all with thee have perished !
I could not think to me thou wert so dear !

Thy voice no more I'll hear at early morning,
Nor in the day thine angel form will see ;
No more at eve, from the day's toil returning,
Thy kindly smiles of love shall welcome me.

I'll twine no more thy pale-brown silken tresses,
Nor kiss thy warm red lips and snow-white brow ;
No more thou'lt, smiling, chide my fond caresses !
Oh ! can it be that I have lost thee now ?

Ah, me ! how sad my weary soul is darkling
Amid a dismal night of sorrow drear ;
On life's horizon, bleak, no star is sparkling,
The melancholy, mournful gloom to cheer.

The sweet spring-time may come, and joy impart,
And deck the wintry wold with vernal bloom

But cannot cheer the winter of my heart—
Its leaves of love lie withered on thy tomb.

And yet I think not thou art lost for ever :
Something within me whispers that again
We'll meet in holier spheres, no more to sever—
Where's neither sighing, sorrow, grief, nor pain.

An Angler's Ditty.

Let those in the mind their enjoyment find
On the cricket or football field,
Or seek from a gun, or a cycling run,
The pleasures that each may yield ;
To the skating rinks, or the golfing links,
Let others resort with glee ;
But a mountain land, with a rod in hand,
And a river in trim for me.

'Tis pleasant indeed, from the town to speed,
To a far-away moorland stream ;
Where the toil and strife, and the cares of life,
Are a dimly-remember'd dream.
Where the eye is filled and the heart is thrilled
With the beauty of earth and sky ;
On a pebbly strand, with my trusty wand,
No mortal more blest than I.

When the hills, all bright with the morning light,
Smile down on the long green glen ;

And the lake asleep, in its cradle deep,
Smiles back to the hills again ;
Where the fountains leap down the gorges steep,
And the bracing airs soft sigh ;
Then, what raptute mine, as I cast my line
Where the " speckled beauties " lie.

What bliss to repair from the noontide glare,
To a leafy sequestered glade,
Where the doves respond, with their love-notes fond
To the sound by the waters made.
Of the joys below, there are none I know
So dear to my pulsing heart,
As a noonday dream, by a woodland stream,
While plying the gentle art.

When the gloamin' glides down the huge hillsides,
And floods all the glen with gloom ;
And the mist-like foam shrouds the low green holm,
Where the tall pines spectral loom—
In the mystic power of that witching hour,
So solemn, serene, and grand ;
I dwell alone in a world of my own,
As I linger with rod in hand.

A Christmas Song.

'Tis Christmas—once more beside
The social board we meet ;
While kindred dear, from far and near,
With love each other greet.

And all are fain, to meet again
Our hearts have long been yearning ;
And full of glee and joy are we,
While the Christmas log is burning.

Now overhead, the berries red
Amidst the green leaves gleam ;
Whilst youth and maid, beneath their shade
Indulge in love's fond dream.
Though out of doors, the chill wind roars—
The snow-wreaths overturning—
Around our hearth reigns joy and mirth,
While the Christmas log is burning.

By old and young sweet songs are sung,
And pleasant tales are told
Of bygone years, mid'st smiles and tears,
Dear memories of old.
With toast and laugh our cup we quaff,
While vanish grief and mourning ;
And hearts are light, and eyes shine bright,
While the Christmas log is burning.

Oh ! season blest, of peace and rest—
Of hopes and loves renewed ;
When hate and pride are cast aside,
And bitter thoughts subdued.
While the joy-bells ring, with carolling
We hail the glorious morning ;
On earth no bliss can equal this,
When the Christmas log is burning.

The Rose of Allenwood.

Amang the low, green meadows,
Whaur Wanny's wavelets gleam,
Through birk an' hazel shadows
Alane I lie an' dream—
Whaur simmer's fairest flooers
Adorn the solitude ;
But a fairer, to my thinkin',
Is the Rose o' Allenwood.

Like sunlit waters dancin',
Her smile is bright and free,
Her low, soft voice entrancin'
As woodland melody ;
She's gentle as she's fair,
And modest as she's good—
A prize weel worth the winnin'
Is the Rose o' Allenwood.

The rosy flush o' twilight
Upon her cheek is seen,
While deepest shades o' violet
Saft twinkle in her een,
Sae gracefu', too, her mien—
A king micht weel be prood
To share his royal honours
Wi' the Rose o' Allenwood.

But better far than beauty,
Her mind is free o' guile ;
The tender tear o' pity
Is ready as her smile.

If e'er perfection dwelt
In lovely maidenhood,
The mantle now has fallen
On the Rose o' Allenwood.

The Fisherman's Return.

The Autumn sun hath sunk unseen,
All Nature wears a sullen mien,
The face of heaven all grimly scowls,
And fierce and wild the loud wind howls
Around the fisherman's hut, which stands
In solitude, by the brown sea-sands.

In th' doorway of that cottage rude
A woman stands, in sorrowful mood ;
Stands in the gloom of the twilight bleak,
The salt tears glistening on her cheek—
Scanning, with longing and anxious eye,
The line where the ocean meets the sky.

And why does she gaze so wistfully
Over that dark, tumultuous sea ?
And why do the tears roll down her cheek,
To hear the howl of the tempest bleak,
And the angry ocean's awful roar
Breaking white on the lone sea-shore ?

Alas ! far out on that billowy sea,
Where shriek the winds in their wildest glee,
'Midst the yawning breakers a tiny bark
Is madly tossed : through the misty dark

Brave hearts are striving in vain to reach
The lonely hut by the brown sea-beach.

Sadly around, and over all
The dark hath come like a funeral pall :
Now in the hut, by the dull hearthstone,
The fisherman's young wife sits alone ;
Fast from her eyelids the tear-drops start,
Up-welling deep from an aching heart.

Wearied watching she sinks to sleep,
Her thoughts far out on the stormy deep ;
In dreams again, by the bleak sea-beach
She stands, and, far as the eye can reach
Through the trailing mist-clouds, she descries
A speck on the waters fall and rise.

Her heart quick throbs 'twixt joy and fear,
As nearer it comes and still more near,
Bounding swift as a wild sea bird
Over the white foam madly stirred ;
Now, through the twilight gloom, she can see,
Dimly, a form — 'tis he ! — 'tis he !

Hark to that cry through the rushing gale !
Where ! oh, where is the dark-brown sail ?
The brave true hearts, and the tiny bark,
That rode so well through the misty dark,
Buried, alas ! by a treacherous wave,
Deep, deep down in an ocean grave !

A corse lies stark on the sandy shore,
Which mournfully she is bending o'er—

The picture of woful, wild despair ;
Tenderly stroking its tangled hair,
Pressing its lips so pale and chill,
Clasping its fingers so stiff and still !

She starts, she wakes, from that dismal dream ;
The sun's rays clear through the lattice stream,
The stormy winds are lulled to rest,
The waves lie still on the ocean's breast—
Mirroring skies, serene and fair,
As if no storm had ever been there.

She stands again by the salt-sea main,
Now with her young heart void of pain ;
At a little distance from the shore,
Calmly, a boat comes sailing o'er
The toying waves, like liquid gold,
Last seen in the might of the tempest rolled.

Safely the boat hath come to land ;
The fisherman leaps on the sea-kiss'd sand :
He clasps her lovingly to his breast,
His lips to her's are fondly prest ;
Big tears of joy roll down her face—
Sheltered again in that dear embrace.

The Blighted Flower.

Left to wander in the sinful city,
Helpless and forlorn,
Not a friend my wretched fate to pity,—
Subject to the scorn

And insult of night-prowlers passing by,
Who mock my misery,—Ah! me, but I
Could gladly lay me down, unseen, to die,
With my wee babe unborn.

In fitful gusts the piercing wintry blast
Howls down the narrow street,
The blinding rain drops heavily, and fast
On pane and pavement beat ;
But from the chill breath of the cruel wind,
Which blows the rain about me so unkind,
Alas! alas! no shelter can I find :
Would death come now, 'twere sweet.

Afar I see the lights gleam, where the river
Is rolling dark and wide ;
I'll go and drown my hopeless woes for ever
Beneath its stormy tide.
What do I say? God help me in this hour
Of trial ; shield me from the tempter's power ;
Dispel the rayless glooms that o'er me lour,
And my weak footsteps guide.

I have a home ; 'tis far away from here,
Where dear ones mourn for me
As being worse than dead ; I long, but fear,
Them all again to see ;
To lay my head on mother's bosom, if
But only to entreat her to forgive
Her erring child, worthy no more to live
Under the old roof-tree.

I was so happy in the peaceful glen,
Before the tempter came
To wile me from the dear old home, till then
Of pure and stainless fame ;
My mother, good and kind, why did I grieve her ;
The dearest friend of all, why did I leave her,
To follow one—a heartless, base deceiver—
To misery and shame ?

But I'll go back, though long the way and dreary,
Though mirk the night and chill ;
Through wind and rain, tho' weak my limbs and weary,
With God's help, yes, I will !
I go, I go—even now, my mother dear,
Methinks thy old familiar voice I hear,
Striving with kindly words to soothe and cheer
That sinful, broken heart, which soon, I fear,
Will moulder cold and still.

Scotia's Welcome to Princess Alexandra.

From thy home over the sea,
Daughter of Denmark, thou comest, the idol of all !
Scotia with one heart greets thee ;
Ten thousand welcomes await thee, from cottage and
hall.

Ring the bells merrily,
Greet her with hearts full of glee,

Welcome her cheerily,
From her home over the sea.

Thou comest with beautiful spring,
Pure as the daisy that gems her gay garment of green ;
Meet bride for the future King
Of the mightiest nation and empire the world has seen.
High let the banners wave,
Peacefully, proudly and free ;
Greet her triumphantly
From her home over the sea.

From the lonely isles of the West,
To the busy, fertile shores of the German Sea,
Let all from their labours rest,
Let all rejoice in the day of jubilee ;
Let mirth and song abound,
Sighings and sorrows all flee ;
Let drum and trumpet's sound
Greet her from over the sea.

Brave sons of the Celt, arise !
Let the bonfire blaze on the grand old hills o' Brae-
mar ;

Shout, till your joyous cries
Awaken the echoes that slumber on dark Lochnagar.

Let the shrill pibroch ring
Far up the glens of the Dee ;
Welcome your future King's
Bride, from her home o'er the sea.

Oh ! may the pure star of love
Linger around thee, and joy find a home in thy heart

May the Great Father above
His choicest blessings to thy happy union impart.
This be our earnest prayer,
Solemnly bending the knee—
God guide the loving pair
Safe o'er life's perilous sea.

Robert Burns.

(FOR AN ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION).

Aince mair, my dear friends, we hae met here the
nicht,
In fellowship loyal—hoo welcome the sicht,
To keep in remembrance a name ever dear,
Wi' time-hallow'd feelin's sae deep and sincere.
But no here alane, but in lands far awa'
This nicht will be gather'd—to fondly reca'
Their youth-time o' gladness, that never returns—
The sons o' auld Scotland, the birthplace o' Burns.

Whaur the Himalaya peaks pierce the blue Indian sky,
His love sangs will mingle wi' mony a sigh ;
By the camp-fires oor kilties, sae sturdy and braw.
Will chant “Scots wha hae ” an’ “My Nannie’s awa.”
On Afric’s lone shore, an’ Australia’s far isle,
Blythe homage they’ll pay to the “lad born in Kyle ;”
E’en while the lone exile in solitude mourns,
His thochts will revert to auld Scotland an’ Burns.

An’ doon by the lonely Pacific’s green shores,
The leal-hearted Scotsmen will muster in scores,

To pledge to his memory, while sadly they pine,
 For "Dear Highland Mary," an' "Days o' Langsyne;"
 An' a' thro' the wide forest hames o' th' west,
 They'll sing o' the lassie that he loe'd the best ;
 I see in my mind's eye whaurever it turns,
 Oor auld mither's sons met in honour o' Burns.

Though humble o' birth, an' tho' bred to the ploo',
 He, o' nature's nobility rank'd 'mong the few ;
 O' the trials an' troubles that come to us a',
 As he trudg'd on life's journey, his share wasna' sma'—
 But he struggled fu' bravely his burden to bear,
 An' lilted a sang aye to lichten his care.
 While fortune kept smilin' and frownin' by turns—
 A chequered existence had dear Robbie Burns.

He shared in the sorrows, an' grieved ower the wrangs,
 O' his toil-weary fellows, an' strove wi' his sangs
 To dignify labour, and lichten the lot
 O' th' meanest that dwelt in the lowliest cot.
 But th' tyrant, an' knave, an' oppressor he scorn'd,
 While truth, love an' kindness his actions adorn'd ;
 An' the man wha a' cant an' hypocrisy spurns
 Will cherish the mem'ry o' dear Robbie Burns.

To nature sae true, withoot effort or art,
 His thochts like a fountain well'd up frae his heart ;
 He sang o' th' loves an' th' joys o' his kind,
 In strains that, like music appeal to the mind.
 Tak' Homer and Virgil, but gie me an' 'oor
 O' oor ain hamely bard, wi' his soul-meltin' po'er ;

O' th' names, noo immortal, that deck storied urns,
Nane brichter shines oot than oor ain Robbie Burns.

He'd his fau'ts an' his failin's, I fain maun confess ;
Like us a' he was human, and yet nane the less
We love an' admire him : I think, do you ken,
Had he lived as a licht an' example to men,
We'd hae missed a' the fire an' the fancy sae fine,
That tirls the heart in his sangs maist divine,
Oh, whaur then the fame, that his name noo adorns—
It wouldna' be Scotland without Robbie Burns.

Then let us be prood o' oor auld mitherland,
Wi' her scenes sae romantic, an' annals sae grand ;
Wi' her sons, leal an' brave, an' her lasses sae fair
An' Rabbie an' Wattie beyond a' compare.
Then fill up your glasses my frien's, ane an' a',
An' drink to th' mem'ry o' him that's awa' ;
An' may we enjoy mony happy returns
O' the day that gied Scotland her dear Robbie Burns.

Lucy Lee.

A LEGEND OF THE TAY.*

I one time knew a damsel fair,
Her name was Lucy Lee,
As smart a lass, I do declare,
As one would wish to see.

* Many years ago I contributed to the local press a series of nonsensical rhymes above the nomdeplume, "MOSES DAYLIGHT." In the hopes they may afford the reader a little amusement I append some of these productions.

Inside a dwelling house she stayed,
By Wormit's rocky shore,
And, oh ! she was a nice young maid,
As I've remarked before.

Young Lucy Lee a sweetheart had,
They called him Billy Coots ;
He was as brisk and bold a lad,
As ever walk'd in boots.

To earn an honest living, he
For many a year and day,
'Tween Bal-mer-i-no and Dundee,
Had ploughed the stormy Tay,

One night this couple went to walk,
As lovers often will,
To have a confidential talk
O'er things in general.

' Dear Lucy Lee, my love,' said he,
' To-morrow I set sail
To Dundee town, though skies may frown,
And winds may blow a gale.

Before I go I wish to learn
One single thing or two ;
I calculate that you discern
My heart is fixed on you.

Now will you swear by all that's fair
That you'll be true to me
Until I do return to you
From far-away Dundee.'

Dear Lucy Lee, she wept and sighed,
And cried, 'O, darling Bill,
I swear to be your loving bride ;
Yes, blow me, but I will.'

Then Billy caught her to his heart,
'That's settled now,' he said ;
My life's pole-star, adieu, we part,'
Then home he went to bed.

Next morning early he set sail,
When lo ! a blast arose,
Which wreck'd the ship while on the trip,
And drowned all Billy's clothes.

Quite destitute, all bruised and cut,
He on a rock was hurled,
Without a bit of food, and not
A copper in the world.

When tidings of this sad affair
Came home to Lucy Lee,
She tore her hands and wrung her hair,
Crying, 'goodness gracious me !

The dire effects of this great blow
I never will recover ;
I may as well prepare to go
And join my faithful lover.'

She took a tender leave of all
Her friends and kindred too,
Then went and squared up any small
Accounts which she was due.

Then walked away quite calm and cool
Until she reach'd the river,
And plunged into a shallow pool
Without a single shiver.

That very night—all safe and sound—
Young Billy did arrive,
A sand-trade liner, homeward bound,
Had picked him up alive.

And like a clap of thunder fell
The tidings on his ear ;
He stood and gazed like one half crazed
With drinking rum and beer.

He threw himself upon the floor
And ne'er a word could speak
Till they brought water, which he swore,
Felt most confounded weak.

Then cried, ' in life we two were one,
The same in death we'll be ;'
Then to the river shore he ran
In search of Lucy Lee.

He wandered up and wandered down
Till lo ! he did behold
Young Lucy in her bathing gown
All shivering in the cold.

And fairly overcome with joy
He kissed his love and said,
' I'll bet a quart no more we'll part
Until that we are wed.'

The Midnight Spectre.

While sound asleep in bed the other night,
 I was aroused by something loudly calling.
 I started up, and lo ! upon my sight,
 There burst a vision, horrid and appalling.

Before me stood a figure, dark and tall,
 With visage grim and ghastly and repulsive,
 Holding a lamp, that shed upon the wall
 A strange, uncertain light—I felt convulsive.

I heard afar a solemn sounding bell—
 The mournful, mystic hour of midnight pealing.
 To me it sounded like my own death knell ;
 My limbs grew powerless, while my brain was reeling.

Trembling, I cried—" Strange visitant, why come
 At this lone hour to haunt a sinful mortal ?
 Tell me, are you of earth, or are you from
 Beyond the confines of the grave's dark portal ?

The " spectre " made reply—" While in the street
 I took a fancy to survey the landing.
 Beg pardon, sir ; I'm bobby on this beat ;
 I found your outer door wide open standing."

Grizzel Gow.

A LAMENTABLE TALE.

Young swains and youthful females, aged women and
 old men,
 Come hearken to the details of this story from my pen ;

If you're susceptible to tears, prepare to weep them
now,
While I relate the melancholy tale of Grizzel Gow.

This charming maid a female was, which no one could
deny ;
Upon her stocking soles she stood five feet six inches
high ;
The years of her existence numbered two times half-a-
score.
While she did weigh eleven stones, or something less
or more.

And at the time my sad and dismal story does begin,
She earned her bread as barmaid in a rural village inn,
Where her familiar winning ways and bright love-
beaming face,
Had turned the heads of half the males that strayed
about the place.

But there was one partic'larly, a baker to his trade,
As smart a hand as ever fired a batch of wheaten
bread ;
His age I don't remember, but his name was Simon
Giles,
On him fair Grizzel Gow bestowed her most bewitch-
ing smiles.

While Simon loved her in return, far dearer than his
life,
And he had vowed to wed her, when he took her for
his wife ;

Vain, foolish dream ! “ the course of true love never
did run smooth,”
Which Simon to his cost found out, poor love-
bewilder’d youth. .

One night as usual he dropped in to have his drop of
beer,
And to enjoy the company of her he held so dear,
When to his horror and surprise, lo, what did Simon
see.
But Grizzel quite contented, seated on a young man’s
knee.

Serene and calm and silent he surveyed the guilty pair,
Then in a whisper shouted, “ villain, knave, what dost
thou there ?
And thou, false, fickle, base, deceitful, hollow-hearted
maid,
I’ll be revenged, as sure as I’m a baker to my trade.”

He rushed up to the fireplace, seized the poker in his
hand,
Then to his rival gave the tongs, and bawled out
“ Traitor, stand !
Defend thy life ! There’s nought but blood this insult
can wipe out ; ”
But in an instant to the door his rival took the rout.

“ Ha ! coward art thou fled,” he cried, when with a
dreadful knock,
He smashed the looking-glass to spunks, and then the
eight-day clock ;

He kicked the table over, broke a globe with golden
fishes,

Then hauled an oaken cupboard down, choke-full of
china dishes ;

Then bounded straightway to the bar, amongst the
stock-in-trade,

And every liquor cask and jar low in the dust he laid ;
Likewise each glass and tumbler, jug and bottle too
he shatter'd,

And all the contents of the till about the floor he
scatter'd.

“ Behold ! ” he cried, “ the dire results of your deceit-
ful ways !

To finish up I'll hang myself and end my wretched
days !

My ghost shall haunt you while I live ; farewell, false
Grizzel Gow ; ”

Then rush'd into the street like an infuriated cow.

He tore the signboard to the ground, smash'd every
pane of glass ;

Then madly bolted off to do the fatal deed, alas !

He stole a clothes rope from a green and tied it to a
tree,

And with the loose end round his neck he let himself
go free.

That night as faithless Grizzel Gow lay sound asleep
in bed,

She saw a tall white figure standing close beside her
head ;

It froze her blood, and filled her soul with horror and
affright,
To gaze upon the tall, unearthly spectre clad in white ;
As nearer still it came, with glassy eyes upon her fixed,
It cried, with hollow voice, "To be continued in our
next."

Lines to "Susan."

BY HER LOVE-SICK SWAIN.

O "Susan !" buxom maid, I love you dearly—
So dearly so that I cannot live without you
Much longer ; for, to tell the truth, I'm nearly,
If not entirely, crazy all about you.
For day and night continually I'm musing
Upon thy charms, dear blooming bright-eyed "Susan."

You are a beauty, no mistake about it ;
I can't find one to match you ; and I'm willing,
If any persons—male or female—doubt it,
To stake one silver sixpence to a shilling.
Though they may search both town and country round,
For height and weight, your equal can't be found.

Your charms, in fact, are quite beyond description ;
I sometimes think you an unearthly being,—
One of those fairy creatures which in fiction
We often read of, but are never seeing.
But what of that ? Your charms avail me little,
For me you do not care one single spittle.

Completely to a skeleton I'm wasting,
Each day I know myself a great deal thinner ;
No wonder, scarce a bit of food I'm tasting
At either breakfast, supper, tea, or dinner.
And this, alas ! is all through you refusing
To be my better half, O cruel "Susan."

I've striven hard, though vainly, to forget you,
But this I know I cannot strive much longer.
I wish to goodness I had never met you,
For now I would have been a great deal stronger ;
But as it is, I feel as weak as water,
And not a thing but love with me the matter.

I'm wretched, miserable, sad, and lonely,
And have no pleasure in my life whatever.
I see no other remedy, but only
To go and toss myself into the river,
Only it is so cold, I don't know whether
To go just now, or wait till warmer weather.

I do believe before a month is over,—
Unless on me, dear "Susan," you take pity,—
That the long grass my poor remains will cover
In some lone rural churchyard in the city.
Then be my wife at once, sweet "Susan," can't you,
Or else, both day and night, my ghost will haunt you.



Love's Triumph.

A SEQUEL TO "LINES TO 'SUSAN.'" "

Dear "Susan," I am come to take
 A final leave of you at last ;
 And, oh, I think my heart will break,
 Since all my dreams of bliss are past !

I had my mind made up to die,
 Since you with me refused to wed ;
 But second thoughts are best, and I
 Intend to emigrate instead.

I've just come through from Glasgow town,
 The port from which I mean to sail ;
 I've paid my passage money down,—
 But why, O, "Susan," turn so pale ?

A week to-day I sail away
 Across the blue Atlantic main,
 And I'm afraid, O, fickle maid,
 We've little chance to meet again.

And "Susan," dear, I do not doubt
 When I am far removed from here,
 That you will often think about
 My lonely lot, and shed a tear.

But happy here I might have been
 Through all my future years of life,
 If you had only clearly seen
 Your way to be my wedded wife.

But ere I go I wish to make.
A present of this photograph ;
I hope you'll keep it for my sake
Since you wont be my better half.
And now to soothe my wounded soul,
Give me one kiss before we part ;
There, that will do. Farewell ! Adieu !
Dear idol of my youthful heart.

* * * * *

And so you mean to emigrate !
Ah ! well, one word before you go ;
In justice I but wish to state
What every one like you should know,—
That we in courtship often mean
The quite reverse of what we say ;
A blind and simple fool you've been,—
There, take my hand, and name the day.

Mysie Gall's Ghost.

(A LEGEND OF BROUGHTY FERRY).

Come, all you hardy fishermen who brave the stormy
wind
In search of haddocks, cod and skate, and fish of
every kind ;
Draw near, and close attention give to me while I
rehearse
As sad a tale, I'm almost sure, as e'er was told in
verse.

In Bro'ty Ferry, long ago, a fisher came to dwell,
And if you want his name to know, they called him
Sandy Bell.

He was as stout and smart a lad as ever cast a line
To hook the silvery fish that sport amongst the cool
sea brine.

Next door to him a female stayed, her name was Mysie
Gall,
She baited hooks upon the beach, and was well
known to all ;
Though you might walk for days along an unfre-
quented way,
You would not meet a finer lass than her, I'm safe to
say.

So, nothing wonderful to state, this charming damsel
fell
Right over head and ears in love with handsome
Sandy Bell.
But Sandy, cruel, saucy lad, was of a fickle mind,
To love young Mysie in return he felt noways inclined.

One summer night, along the sands, this worthy
couple strayed,
Said she "O, Sandy Bell, you know I'm but a lonely
maid,
And I have often thought within myself that you and
me
Would look as well if we were wed, as many whom I
see."

Young Sandy silent stood awhile, then coughed and
blew his nose,
And answered "You are wrong, if for one moment
you suppose

That I would lower my dignity to wed the likes o' you;
Oh ! no, if that's your little game, young Mysie Gall,
adieu."

"Oh, fickle, faithless man," she cried, "come list to
me and weep,
Before I cast my body in the cold and briny deep ;"
But heedless of her words, young Sandy homeward
quickly sped,
Quite careless whether she came after him alive or
dead.

"Woes me," she cried, and wrung her hands, "my
heart is broken quite—
I feel it is impossible to live another night,"
So then she laid her down upon the sand beside the
sea,
And sobbing moaned, "Oh, kindly waves dash quickly
over me."

She lay perhaps an hour or more in silence on the
sand,
Expecting that the waves would come and wash her
off the land,
But when, at length, with waiting tired, she turned
her head about,
She saw, instead of coming in, the tide was running
out.

"Alas!" she said, "I thought to die—yet save myself the sin,
But I'll come back to-morrow, when the tide is coming in."
Then home she went, but there she found her love had sailed away
In quest of haddocks, cod and skate, beyond the mouth
o' Tay.

While he was lying snugly in the boat at dead of night,
Thinking he had not done with her exactly what was right;
Lo! from the gloomy deep arose, on his astonished view,
A female form with flowing hair, and robes of snowy hue.

"Oh! cruel-hearted man," it cried, in tones which well he knew,
"Look up behold the ghost of one, who died for love of you,
My body now lies, cold and stark, among the seaweed green,
And nevermore upon the beach together we'll be seen."

"But since in life, O, wretched fool, you spurned me for your bride,
In death you'll be my bridegroom now below the roaring tide,"

And then she tried to drag him forth, but Sandy
offered fight,
When instantly she vanished in a brilliant flash of
light.

Next evening as the sun went down he landed into
port,

The boxes and the creels all full of fish of every sort ;
Yet he felt sad at heart, and in his eye there stood a
tear,

To think that Mysie's voice no more would hail him
from the pier.

But from the boat he saw a crowd collected on the
shore,

And in the midst, four men upon their shoulders
something bore.

He cried, while pale as death he turned, "Her body
they have found,

I'll go and kiss her lips, before they lay her in the
ground."

He rushed amongst the crowd, but soon in horror
back he shrunk,

For there, upon a shutter, lay young Mysie Gall, dead
drunk ;

Then, quite disgusted, quickly to a public-house he
went,

And drank till every copper that belonged to him was
spent.

So now my tale is ended ; but before I say farewell,
I think, kind reader, you will like to know if Sandy
Bell

Took heart and married Mysie Gall—I've only this to
say
He did, and if they are not dead they're living to this
day.

A Tale of Mystery.

Good people, all who in large towns like bees do con-
gregate,
And ye who lone, sequester'd, rural districts habitate,
And ye who plough the briny seas a livelihood to earn,
Ho ! one and all, draw near to me, a solemn lesson
learn.

Be very silent and give ear to me, while I unfold
As weird and wonderful a tale as ever yet was told,
Of strange, eventful incidents which recently befell
Two very nice young people that I knew extremely
well.

One of this couple was a damsel, graceful, tall and
slender,
In fact, a first-class sample of the gentle female gender.
I'm safe to state no flower that ever bloom'd in field
or garden,
Was half so fair as this young maid ; but if I'm wrong,
beg pardon.

And she—as usual—loved a youth, so handsome, gay
and gallant,
A well-bred, wealthy person, with a large amount of
talent,

Upon the whole, to speak the truth without exaggeration.

A nicer pair 'twere hard to find in all the wide creation.

But, lack-a-day ! the tragic fate of these unlucky creatures,

Which presently I will relate in all its horrid features,
Was dismal, dark and melancholy, far beyond description ;

But facts, I calculate you know, are stranger far than fiction.

I'll lay my life, no sadder tale, you ever yet have heard,
'Twill make you quake with downright fear, it will
upon my word;

The grey hairs on your hoary heads will quickly rise
on end,

When you the awful nature of my story comprehend.

With sorrow, grief and piety it will melt the hardest
soul,

And cause the briny teardrops down your wrinkled
cheeks to roll

Like showers of rain in Summer from a clear, blue,
frosty sky,

Or water from a public well, which happens to be dry.

'Twill make the blood through all your veins to
circulate quite cold,

Ere half the shocking details of this tale to you are
told,

You'll all bawl out with one loud thundering voice
when I am done,

So foul a business never was transacted 'neath the sun.

It fell upon a day, a day to be remember'd long
By generations yet unborn, in story and in song,
This deed so fraught with horror as to strike the
 boldest dumb,
This deed—but friends, excuse me, I am fairly over-
 come.

I'll be compelled, both sad to say and painful to
 remark,
To leave you all at present most completely in the
 dark ;
But if I live and keep my health, perhaps some other
 day
I will conclude this doleful tale—quite possible I may.

Faithless Molly Luke.

In youth I loved a maiden fair, her name was Molly
 Luke,
Who, at the time I met her, in a mansion served as
 cook ;
She was the finest female, up till then, I'd come across,
Her beauty to describe it, well,—for words I'm at a
 loss.

And she was dearer far to me than money, clothes, or
 food ;
To live without her in this world, I felt I never could ;

I would have run quite cheerfully through water, wind,
or fire,

In any way to gratify her least expressed desire.

Four times a week I walk'd eight miles to see this
lovely maid ;

Of thunder, light'ning, hail or snow, I never felt afraid ,
And she would always welcome me with smiles so
bright and sunny,

I do declare, without a joke, it made me feel quite
funny.

And I would sit beside her with my arms round her
waist,

While on the table always sat things pleasant to the
taste,—

Boiled ham with chicken, puddings, pies, and roast
meat, nice and brown,

With spirits, wines and beer galore, to wash them
quickly down.

And when the people in the house had all gone off to
sleep,

Into the garden, silently as mice, we two would creep,
And underneath the tall fruit trees a quiet walk we'd
take,

While I would kiss her o'er and o'er—'twas good,
there's no mistake.

But most of all, how pleasant and delightful 'twas to
pull

The various kinds of fruit until my pockets were quite
full ;

And then to rest beside her in the shady summer-seat,
And tell her gentle tales of love, while all the while
I'd eat.

Oh, cruel fate ! too soon, alas, my dream of bliss was
ended ;
Some way, I don't know how it was, this maiden I
offended,
And so, to be revenged, she cruelly used and slighted
me,
For full particulars of which the second chapter see.

CHAPTER II.

One evening, at the close of day, with spirits light and
free,
I went, as was my usual way, dear Molly Luke to see,
And there, beside the table, in mine old accustomed
seat
Another young man snugly sat, devouring bread and
meat.

Shock'd and amazed, I stood and gazed at this un-
welcome sight,—
I felt some queer, you may be sure, as truly well I
might,—
“Tell me,” I cried, “what brings that low-bred, spong-
ing fellow here,
To eat up all the victuals, and to drink up all the beer?”
Up spoke false Molly Luke, “What right have you to
interfere?”

Too long already *you* have come to court for bread and
beer ;

Then let me tell you, once for all, I've found another
beau,

So you had better take the hint, and homeward quick-
ly go."

"You surely don't mean this," I cried. She answered,
"Yes I do,"

"Then Molly Luke, false female, you have broke my
heart in two."

Quite overcome with sorrow, I sat down beside the
table,

And then began to eat and drink as hard as I was able.

I cleared the plates, then lit my pipe to have a quiet
smoke,

When, hark ! a sound of feet without the solemn silence
broke ;

"It is the missus," Molly cried, her visage pale with
fear,

"Go hide at once, or I am lost, if she should find you
here."

My rival to a cupboard ran, while, like a quadruped,
I crawled upon my hands and knees, to hide behind
a bed ;

When, sad to tell, just as the missus came within the
door

Some article of furniture went crashing to the floor.

"Dear, help me, Molly Luke," she cried, "what dread-
ful noise is that ?"

"I'm sure I cannot tell you, ma'am, unless it is the cat."

But then, somehow, she took a thought to look behind
the bed,
Where I, in fear and trembling, lay all silent as the
dead.

She bolted from the kitchen, bawling, "murder, thieves,
and p'leece."

To tell the truth I felt most anxious to 'depart in
peace ;'

So from my hiding place I crept, and, with one fearful
bound,

Leapt through an open window in the hopes to reach
the ground.

Alas, for human hopes ! just right below the window
stood

A cistern full of water which was neither clean, nor
good,

And with a loud and horrid plunge headlong I tumbled
in,

Without a moment's warning to repent a single sin.

I struggled long and hard for life, as you may well
suppose,

The water gushed in torrents down my throat and up
my nose,

But soon I grew insensible to sorrow, grief, or pain,
And many weeks elapsed before I came to life again.

MORAL.

Now all you young unmarried men, take warning by
 my tale,
 And never go to court young maids alone for cake and
 ale ;
 For if you do it's possible like me some day you'll rue it,
 Therefore, to finish up, I say, take my advice—*don't*
do it.

 Ann Adress Two A Whail. *

awaik mi mews, ryse frum ure idol slumbirs.
 aid Me two cing inn Sweat & tunefool Numbirs
 z that Grate wundir Off the Broot Kreeayshin
 Whoose naim dus hed mie Pome on this Okayshin.

hale mitey monirk off Thee finny speshis,
 The larjist noan of awl the tribe off fishes.
 sum idea of yoor sighs is estymaited
 When for A solim fack i've hard it stayted
 that wans upon a tyme sum shipreckd saylirs
 whew had Bean lost eye reckin from the whaylirs
 Sayleng in Open boates Inn sertch off driland
 Diskoverd what thay Tuke too Bee ann iland
 thay landed, Bilt a hut, a fire then lited
 Butt inn less time than i've rekuired two rite it
 The iland plunged belo the ragin Billys
 & the frale mortils fownd kold watry pillys

 * Printed in the Original Orthography.

whyle strugglin for thair lifes thay understandid
It was a sleepin whail on whitc thade landid.

inormis monstir Off the polir rejins
Whair ivery seesin men doo Swarm In leejins
with lances, speers, harpoons & guns too chase u.
thay are nut inn the Leest afrade 2 face u
When u r kawt & killed thay taik & skin yew
& thay Doo find Grate stoar off good oil Inn yoo
yoor bons awlso R reckond hyly valibill
Butt for yoor flesh its totilly onsalibill.
Altho ive hard it sed the Eskweymaw
if hungery will devour yoo Up kwite raw.

Huge powerfool Beest, tho' terrybill inn Stature
if Let alone yoor off a harmliiss Nature
But when harpoond blindfold yoo rush On madly
& sumtimes ure remorsliiss Fose fair badly
With wan stroak Off yoor dredfool Tale u batter
Thair bote 2 match wood, & lyke hale stons skattar
the kroo pell mell into the kold salt watir.

Gigantik Broot, yood maik a Good edishin
2 Mr woomwells wild Beest xhibishin
ide pay 3 Pens, yet Studdie dew ekonomy,
two feest mie Ise on Sutch A rair fenomony.
Within my mind Grate wundir yood awaiken,
ide lyke yoor Carte de viset lyfe sighs taken,
twood Hold a promonymint plase in 2 my albin
Such fottygrafts eye no r seen Butt celdim.

Prodigious Fish, yoor skelletin, if sheetid
With iron, strongly fixt Bye rivets Heetid,

wood maik A ship kwite larg enuff two Kerry
5 hunder Hewmin beins two broty ferry

Stewpendys obgek, travlin ore thee Hie way
ive seen yoor ponderis gaw Bones arch A Buy way.
Ive thote had Samsin when he sloo the Masses
yewsd wan off them & throne aside Thee Asses.
For wan he sloo. He wood Hav slade a hundir
with sutch a wepin, no wan wood have wundird.

Wild ravenis whail frum U may hevin defend us
ure swallowin powers must shoorly Bee tremendis
Sho me the Mann or woomin, whig or Torrie
that has Nut red that strange remarkabill storey
How yew did swally up the poor oald profit
Yet aftir Awl no prophet yoo maid off it
U kept Hymn 3 hole daze within yoo stickin
then spewd him Up again alive & kickin.
How he got down yoor throte two mees a mistery
As i hav Red in gold smiths natril history.
whitch is Korreck as far as eye kan lern
that yoove Bean chokit Buy a smawl fresh hern
Eye oan this pint rekwiress Sum Xplanaishon
& Leeve it two the breetish Asoshaishin.



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